

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Published Aug. 4, 1891. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers.
No. 219 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867.

Price 50 Cts. A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 5271.
Single Number 5 Cents.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

TO MRS. W. L. G.

Sweet friend, another chequered year
Has almost rolled away;
Again we greet with reverent joy,
The blessed Christmas Day.
"Would," says my heart, "that with the will
I also had the power,
On those I love, all precious gifts
At Christmas time to shower."
Then, tokens fair for each dear friend,
I'd seek throughout the land;
But God, who gave the loving heart,
Denied the wealthy hand.
All I can offer thee, who long
Hast shown me loving cares,
Whose smiles have gilded many a cloud,
Are love, and thanks, and prayers.
My love—thou hast it all the year—
My thanks—new kindness shown,
Forever open that fount afresh—
My prayers—to Heaven's high throne.
They rise, dear friend, for thee and thine,
Most fervent, most sincere,
That all thy Christmas Days be glad,
And happy each New Year.
MRS. ANNA BAUGH.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM
OF THE FOREST," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of
the District Court of the United States, in and for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I. THE CYPRUS SWAMP.

I had finished my collegiate course, received my diploma as Doctor of Medicine, and the autumn of 18—found me a traveller in the Red river region of Louisiana. From the far waters of the North I had traced swiftly down the great valley of the Mississippi, to the point where I had disembarked to pursue the rest of my journey by land; and, on the bank of a noble beast, I was now, on a clear, fine day, slowly picking my way through one of the most gloomy scenes the land ever made.

A cypress swamp of the sunny South!—how shall I describe it? how convey to my reading friend a picture of its wild, death-like gloom?

It is a broad, dead level, of miles on miles in extent, with a muddy sluggish river flowing through it. At every inch of this river, its waters cover all this level, making an alluvial deposit, and then stagnate there and remain the greater portion of the year, becoming covered with a thick, green scum. Through this rich alluvion, stagnant water all green scum, spring millions of gray, crooked trunks, which branch out thickly and support dense canopy of short, dark green leaves, that ven at the best have a scorched and blasted appearance. Then these in turn are so draped and interwoven with long, dark Spanish moss that the brightest sun of the brightest day but makes a twilight of the spectral gloom beneath. No gay played, merry warblers ever sing these dark, dreary thickets—the air being so heavy with fatal miasma for their delicate throats and lungs; but wild beasts of various kind, the hoarse-roared, wallowing alligator, the gagging, deadly moccasin, the screeching owl, the flapping bat, with lizards, toads, and millions of millions of poisonous mosquitoes, here live and flourish like things of higher life in lovelier regions.

Through one of these dismal, miasmatic swamps, I was slowly picking my way at the time I have chosen for the opening of my narrative. I could have gone by the Red river by steam; but my object being to cross the country, and visit various localities that could only be reached by land, I had purchased a horse at a small village on the Mississippi, and boldly set off, without either company or guide. Thus far my overland journey had proved dreary enough. From the very first had been riding through a swamp, that only the driest season of the year could be crossed by travellers at all—the soft alluvial bottom with other times being under water from the inundations of the Red river and its tributaries bayous. Properly speaking, there was a regular road through this swamp—only a set of paths made by cutting down trees and clearing away bushes to the width of a few feet, and which was occasionally used by the few scattered inhabitants living on the higher lands of thianvian water-courses.

It was now about the middle of the afternoon of a very warm day, and I had been riding for at

least six hours through the dreary scene I have attempted to describe, and had not yet met a single human being, or seen the least sign of a habitation.

"Surely," thought I, "if I have not missed my way, I must soon strike some of the higher lands and find the cheerful mansion of a hospitable planter!"

I rode on for another hour, and came to a creek, or bayou, that crossed the path I was pursuing; and the first object I saw was a huge alligator wallowing through it, at which my horse became very restive, snorting with fear. The water was low down in this creek, and the bottom I could see was a sticky mud, that would endanger the life of my horse, if not my own, should I attempt to ride him across. How did people get over here? or did no one ever make the venture? Certainly there were no foot-prints on my whole route, to show that any one had passed here since the last rain. "What should I do?" The path I had been pursuing, plainly continued on the other side, but I dared not ride my horse into such a muddy stream. Perhaps, by following along the bank, I could find a safe place to cross! I acted upon the idea; and the result was, after riding for an hour, that I found myself so completely entangled among thick bushes, cane, reeds, coarse grass, and the long, Spanish moss, as to be obliged to dismount to extricate myself and horse.

Here was a predicament surely! and I confess that, whatever else I thought, said, or did, I did not bless the hour in which I, a stranger in the country, had set off alone through such a horrid region. I had heard something of the cypress swamps of the South before leaving my native clime, but I now felt I knew a good deal more about one of them than was at all necessary for a healthy understanding of the subject. In the open path I had pursued, I had been annoyed with thousands of mosquitoes ever since setting out; but all I had before seen was as nothing to the black, living cloud I had now got into, and I began to fear they would poison myself and horse to death before I could get back to the place of lesser torment. I was tired and hungry, and so was my poor beast, and the prospect before us was dismal enough. If I could have possibly retraced my steps to the Mississippi before nightfall, I would have done so, and abandoned my overland journey in this direction altogether; but such a thing was out of the question. Night would soon settle over this dismal scene; and the idea of passing long hours of darkness in such a horrible place, filled me with shuddering apprehension. I was about to turn and go back to the road I had quitted, when, on peering into the thicket before me, I fancied I discovered a small opening; and on pushing forward a rod or two further, I did find something resembling the path I had left; and which, coming down along side of the bayou to that point, turned abruptly off toward the interior of the swamp. This path, too, on examination, I found had recently been used; for there were several fresh foot-prints of horses, and this discovery cheered me wonderfully. Where they had gone I certainly could go; and with the hope of soon reaching some habitation, I remounted and urged forward my beast, employing my hands meantime to open the black cloud of mosquitoes before my face and eyes.

A mile further on I came to a little wooden bridge over the bayou. It was so light and frail that I did not dare to trust my horse on it till I had dismounted and examined it, and then I led him over with great caution, he snuffing with fear. It struck me at first that this bridge was not a permanent fixture there, and on close inspection I found a rope attached to it, evidently for the purpose of dragging it away, or securing it to a tree during high-water. The path now led along the other bank of the bayou, and I pushed on as fast as I could; but found no improvement in the route—the same gloomy, monotonous, interminable swamp—till after a ride of some three or four miles, when I suddenly came upon harder and higher ground, and, to my great joy, soon found a small clearing among some loblolly pines, and in this clearing a log-hut, which to my weary eyes seemed to loom up like a princely palace.

"At last," thought I, "I shall find a place to rest for the night."

This, however, was by no means certain; for on riding up to the hut, I saw it had the appearance of being fastened up and untenanted. I hallooed, but received no answer. I dismounted and knocked at the door.

"Who da?" said a smothered and feeble voice, that articulated with a sort of groan.

"A friendly stranger who has lost his way," I replied.

As there was no rejoinder to this, I ventured to push open the rude slab-door. I was met by such an issue of foul air that I instantly sickened and started back involuntarily.

"In the name of Heaven, who are you? and what is the matter within there?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, Marser, I spects I'm dying, I does!" was the groaning but feeble response, in the unmistakable voice of a negro.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Spect I am feber, Marser."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, Marser."

"How long have you been sick?"

"I doesn't know dat, Marser. Oh, for de lub of God, Marser, jes' please fetch poor old Cato a drink ob water!"

"Is there no one to wait on you, Cato?"

"No, Marser, I libe alone; and dem as comes and finds old Cato sick, goes away, and says dey won't risk dar lives for old nigger. Now, dear Marser, please don't you done go 'way fore fetching poor old Cato a gourd ob water, and dat's all I'll eber want, I spects."

Here was a duty to perform that would be attended with the most fearful peril! I could only enter the foul, pestilential atmosphere of that miserable abode at the risk of life; but my profession and humanity both imperatively commanded me to go forward and dare all. Is the soldier to shrink from battle because of the flying bullets? Is the physician to recoil from the gasping sufferer for fear of malarial? Out upon such cowardice! We have but one life to live, but one death to die, and let us both live and die so that we may not dread the judgment of Him who shall say to the uncharitable: "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink!"

I tied my horse and went in. I threw open a couple of wooden shutters and let in what light and air I could. I found an old, gray-headed negro lying on some filthy straw in one corner, sick almost unto death with a wasting fever. I will not revolt the feelings of the reader with a description of the horrible scene. My thorough collegiate course had fortified my senses against many sights and scents that the uninitiated would shrink from; but what I now encountered was almost too much for me. I did my duty, however. The old negro had been many days sick, and for the last three not a thing had passed his lips. How he had done without food was easily enough understood; but his sufferings for want of water had been terrible; his tongue was swollen and his parched lips cracked; and he now piteously begged for the liquid element as a man about to be murdered might plead for life. It was contrary to the medical rules of that day to give a fever patient much water; but I felt that the poor fellow could not now survive without it; and as I had only a few simple medicines with me, and probably could not reach his case so as to afford him any relief, I resolved that his last wish should be gratified, and this consolation be his in his exit from a world of pain and trouble. I took up a gourd lying by his side, and he directed me to a spring of clear, cold water, that bubbled up at the foot of a large pine tree. When I returned with the vessel full, he was almost frantic with desire; his eyes fixed on it and glared like a maniac's. I raised his head and held the gourd to his lips. With all his remaining strength he seized it with both hands and drank the whole of its contents.

"God bless you, good Marser! more!" he articulated.

"I am afraid I have allowed you to kill yourself already!" I answered.

"No, no—more! more! God bless you, Marser! more!"

I went to the spring and filled the vessel a second time. I judged it held a quart, if not more. On my return the old negro drank the whole of this.

"Dar!" he murmured, with a satisfied air; "de Lor! In Heaven bless you, good Marser! old Cato kin die happy now."

He laid back, with a smile, closed his eyes, and seemed to fall asleep. For some time I stood and watched him, expecting every moment would be his last. To my surprise I soon perceived that his breathing was becoming more regular and easy, and that a gentle perspiration was moistening his hitherto parched skin. I felt his pulse and thought I discovered a decided change for the better.

Could it be that the course we physicians took to cure in certain cases was the very one to kill? Perhaps so; for the so-called science of medicine has always groped in the dark, only getting at the truth through an accident or blunder. This is an honest confession to the reader, though I will not positively assert that I have often made it to my patients.

Leaving the old negro in a gentle sleep, I now went out into the open air, where I could breathe freer while determining what to do. My first intention was to ride on and endeavor to find some hospitable planter with whom I could pass the night, and then send one of the servants to the assistance of old Cato; but on perceiving that the sun was already sunk behind a black cloud that lay heavily along the horizon, threatening a storm, I thought it would be imprudent to start—for, the way being unknown to me, I should probably get lost and be in a worse condition than I was now. If I could manage to get anything to eat here for myself and beast, and pass the night, I should then have a full day before me. I crossed the clearing to find grazing for my horse, and discovered a long, low structure, pretty well hidden in a thicket. I went into it, and, to my surprise, found it to be a stable for horses, large enough to contain several, and with plenty of hay and grain. What did this stable here? But perhaps Cato was a free negro, richer than I had supposed, and lived by raising horses! At least here were comfortable quarters for my own weary and hungry beast, and I lost no time in making use of them, and putting him where he at least was contented. This done, I next began to look out for my hungry self. I went into the cabin again, and found the negro, not dead, but quietly sleeping. I hunted about the squalid place, and discovered a small bag of rice, a few potatoes,

some salt, and an old kettle. I carried these out into the open air, kindled a fire, and cooked a meal that a starving man would have relished much better than an epicure. However, it served to appease the cravings of hunger; and, everything considered, I was thankful for what I received.

By the time I had finished my repast, the shades of evening were rapidly settling over the whole scene. The cloud in the west was gradually stretching up toward the zenith, with occasional flashes of lightning, and low, rumbling thunder. I went into the house and found my patient still asleep. Not wishing to disturb him, nor remain in a place so very unpleasant, I partly closed the door, to keep out the coming rain, left the shutters open for ventilation, and then set off toward the stable, intending to camp down there for the night. I had only gone a few steps, however, when I heard voices, and the tramping sound of horses, and I stopped to see who might be approaching. A minute after, a couple of mounted men emerged from the thicket into the clearing, and I heard a voice exclaim, as if in joyful surprise:

"Great ginger! If there aint a house at last, Peter Reichstadt, then my name aint Caleb Stebbins! I told you that are horse-track would lead to so'thing, and it has. Jehoshaphat! but I'm tired as all git out! A log cabin it is; but what could you expect on such a tarnation route as this ere? I snum to Guinea, I'm glad of any place to poke my head in, and git a bit, after the ride I've had in that durned old swamp, among them alligators, snakes and musketeers! Jerusalem! how they did bite, consarn 'em! and I wouldn't wonder, Peter, if I've lost half my blood this blessed day!"

"I thinks dem was dakes more from me as you already!" was the grumbling reply of the second speaker.

"And so they ought to, Peter, for you've got twice as much blood to spare as I have. If I's as big and fat as you be, I wouldn't mind losing a few pounds of flesh and blood; but you see I haint got nothing to spare."

"No," returned the other, with a kind of chuckle, "you is a couple of dimes more like a rail as me."

"Oh, wal, I'm not so all-fired thin nother; but I aint a hoghead set up on legs, that's a fact!"

"Vat you means by der hoghead mit der legs, eh?" quickly demanded the other, with some spirit.

"Oh, nothing, Peter, only jest a joke, you know! Wal, here we be, right smack up to the house, and all dark inside, and not a critter stirring. There's where's there's ben a fire though outside, so I guess there's somebody round. Hello the house!"

The travellers had now stopped in front of the hut, but as it was between them and me, I was not perceived. The conversation I had heard had disclosed to me the names and nationality of the two men. Caleb Stebbins was a downright Down Easter, and Peter Reichstadt was a full-blooded Dutchman. I was glad to know I was about to have such companions in that wild, out-of-the-way place; and being from the North myself, Caleb Stebbins seemed quite near to me, as if he might be an old friend or relation—for such is the effect, when far away from home, of meeting some one from the same section of country as yourself. As I had not yet been seen by either of the travellers, and as I felt pretty certain I knew my men, I at once resolved upon having a little quiet joke of my own. Coming suddenly around the corner of the hut, just as the Yankee, having tried the second halloo, was in the act of dismounting, I looked at him steadily for a moment, and then ran up to him, seized his hand, and exclaimed:

"Why, as I live, I do believe this is Caleb Stebbins, from away Down East! My dear fellow, how do you do? I am delighted to see you here! And then, before the astonished Yankee could get his open mouth shut for a reply, I turned to his companion, and added: "And here is Peter Reichstadt too!—this is indeed a double pleasure!"

The gaping astonishment of the two men was to me ludicrous in the extreme, and it was only with the greatest difficulty I could restrain myself from a burst of laughter directly in their faces. They had of course forgotten the fact of their names having been spoken in my hearing; and supposing me to be really acquainted with them, both looked comically puzzled and foolish, while trying their best to bring my person to their recollection, and remember where and when they had seen me before.

"Wal, I snum to Guinea," at length exclaimed the Yankee, doffing his hat and scratching his head, "I'm tarnation glad to meet an old acquaintance, like you be, down here, that know me, that's a fact; but of you was to skin me alive this minute, I couldn't call you by name, or jest exactly tell where I'd seen you afore. Say, Peter, how is't with you now?"

"I thinks it was a good waste time already," replied the Dutchman.

"What!" said I, "don't you know Walbridge—Leslie Walbridge—who graduated at the University in Philadelphia?"

The Yankee and the Dutchman stared hard at me, and then thoughtfully, inquiringly and curiously at each other. Evidently they wanted to recognize me, and I answered them to find they could not.

"It's mighty queer, I snum!" at length re-

plied Mr. Stebbins, "but I can't somehow just recollect you this minute; though, if I do know you, (as I spects I do, or else how'd you know me?) I'm right glad to meet you 'gin out here, where good folks, or in fact any folks at all, seem to be rather scarce. Be you the owner of this here shanty?"

"No, I am only a traveller, putting up here for the night."

"Yes, wal, I thought you didn't look like a feller that had got down to owning such a consarn of a house exactly. Why in thunder don't people build frame houses, like we do Down East, and not waste good logs in putting up such humny things to live in, I'd like to know? I guess maybe you're the traveller, then, whose horse tracks we've been following for miles?"

"Very likely."

"Yes, wal, who's the owner here? and where is he?"

"An old negro, who is lying sick inside, with a very dangerous fever, is the only person I have been able to find on the premises."

"Great ginger!" cried the Yankee, starting back, with a look of alarm; "d'you spects the fever's keetching?"

"It may be—I would not like to sleep in the same room with him."

"Guess not! Jehoshaphat! phew! What'd we do, with night and that are thunder-shower right on us?"

"I think of sleeping in the stable."

"Then there's a stable, hey?"

"A good one, and plenty of fodder."

"Hokey! that's luck! hey, Peter?"

"I spects yaw!" replied his companion.

The two men now hastened to stable and feed their horses; and by the time this matter was completed, it had become quite dark, and large drops of rain were beginning to fall. I explained in what manner I had made my own supper; but though quite hungry themselves, they were obliged to defer following my example while the storm lasted, which was about two hours.

As soon as the rain ceased, they set about collecting sticks, and in a few minutes had a bright, cheerful fire, over which they succeeded in boiling some rice and potatoes. Taking a blazing brand, I went into the hut meantime and examined my patient, whom I was much gratified to find still sleeping as gently as an infant, and I left him for the night.

In personal appearance there was quite a contrast between my new acquaintances, though each was about the same age, say five-and-twenty, and some three years my senior. The Yankee was of the medium size and rather thin, with a keen eye and sharp, shrewd features; while the Dutchman was short and stout, with a broad, full face, and a dull, phlegmatic expression. I may also state here that they had first met on the Ohio as travellers, had discovered through conversation that each was bound southward on a tour of observation, and possible speculation, and had since kept company and become very warm friends. They had purchased their horses in Tennessee, and had ridden them down through the state of Mississippi, and had finally entered upon the same journey up the Red river as myself, and on the same day, but at a later hour. They had followed my horse's tracks, and thus overtaken me at the negro's hut. For a considerable time they were much puzzled to know where and when they had met me before; but at length I explained the joke to them, and we all had a hearty laugh together.

As soon as they had finished their supper, we put out the fire, retired to the stable, threw ourselves down on some hay, and congratulated ourselves that we were so comfortably fired for passing the night in peace and safety. We hoped for undisturbed and refreshing repose, and so fell asleep, but only to be awakened in a manner not the most congenial to travellers in a strange place.

CHAPTER II. THE TRAVELLERS.

I was dreaming of standing at the altar, with a young and lovely bride, when suddenly some dark body, surmounted by a death's head, passed between us. I seemed to start back in horror, and fancied the warning word, "Beware!" was uttered in my ear. I awoke with a shudder, and heard the voice of Stebbins, in a cautious whisper:

"I say you, Doctor Walbridge—be you awake?"

"Yes, what is it?" I replied, in the same cautious manner.

"There's so'thing going on that I don't exactly like."

"Where? what?"

"There! hark! don't you hear them voices?" I did not hear strange voices, as of several men conversing together in low tones, and also the stamping of horses' feet.

"Estrated travellers perhaps!" suggested I.

"They aint strangers like us, any how, or they'd never found out this ere place in the dark!" said Stebbins. "I tell you I don't like it, that's a fact."

"What do you apprehend?"

"Wal, I don't know; but when a feller's away from home—a stranger, in a strange place, in a strange country—he's like to be afraid of most everything. I've hearn say that there's some pretty rough chaps down in these ere parts, that

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY OSMO.INDIGO—WHAT IT IS—APPEARANCE—CULTURE—
MANUFACTURE—DULCANS—ARCHITECTURE—
WIND MILLS—WATER WHEELS—RAMS—FINE
FABRICS—SPINNING—WEAVING—A FUTURE
FOR BOLIVIA.

Within the last ten days I have heard a city dealer in drugs and dye stuffs scrub a country customer somewhat brusquely upon the Indigo question. The colloquy ran in this wise. Mr. Rural, complaining of the high price of Indigo, remarked that he supposed the price depended much upon the season and vicissitudes to which the plant is liable in countries where it is grown. "Season!—Plant!—Growth!" echoed the man of drugs, with increasing emphasis and larger explanation points. "Why, Mr. W., you are green about Indigo. Talk about seasons—plants—growing Indigo! Ha! ha! ha! Indigo is no more a vegetable than pig iron is. It is a mineral, sir, and like all other minerals dug out of the earth."

"Guess you are a little mite more blue about Indigo than I am green," Mr. W. said with a smile at the drug man's ignorance, and withdrew, probably to search for a dealer in Indigo who had a better knowledge of what the material is made.

As the Indigo education of perhaps three-fifths of all the consumers of that very necessary blue, both in the United States and elsewhere, is probably quite as deficient as that of our druggist friend, and as has already been observed, considerable quantities of very fair Indigo are produced in the Andean valley of Dulce, the manipulation and manufacture of which, as well as the growth, structure and general appearance of the Indigo plant, correspond in all essential features with those in all other countries where commercial Indigo is grown and made: a few brief paragraphs, telling the public something about Indigo—how it grows, what it is like, how manufactured, &c., may be both entertaining and instructive.

The Indigo of the Val de Dulce is identical with that of the Andean regions, Central America, Mexico, and the West India Islands—the *Indigofera tinctoria*, having a dual character, the plant growing above ground, being annual, and the roots triennial, running sometimes into perennial habits, producing fair crops for ten years spontaneously. But the general practice is to crop three years, and then replant. The average height of the plant when fit for cutting is about three feet—in appearance resembling nearest the common "sweet clover" of our gardens, growing quite as straggling and unsymmetrical.

The planting is mostly done in November, the land having first been carefully cleaned of all weeds and divided by shallow drills about three inches deep and twenty apart, the drills being scooped out with a curious crooked stick fashioned into an awkward cross between a hand-plough, sugar scoop and wooden hoe, with a long handle, dragged along by hand, and two turns and repeat complete a furrow. The seeds are dropped by hand, the intention being to gauge them about a foot apart, boys and girls following the men and women droppers, covering the seeds an inch in depth, more or less. A bushel of seed is sufficient to plant about five acres. During the season of growth the cultivation is thorough and almost continual, all weeds being carefully removed, as any foreign plants cut with the Indigo would greatly injure the quality.

The plants come to perfection for cutting in from two to three months after planting, the proper season being indicated by a dark-green powder or farina covering all the foliage and stems. At this stage the plants are cut, usually from four to five inches above the ground, leaving two or three of the lower branches with the stubble, which are called "ratones." These will yield a second crop fit for cutting in about six weeks after the first comes off. The first year's crop is usually light, those of the second and third years maximum, after which the yield as a rule falls off gradually, though, as I have said, there are instances where good yields are given up to the tenth year, but these are rare exceptions.

The plants are bound in small bundles as fast as cut, and at once closely packed in vats of stone made water-tight, weighted down with bamboo covers loaded with stone, and pure soft water let on, enough to submerge the whole storage. The steeping process lasts from six to twenty-four hours, according to the condition of the plant and its readiness to give up its blue. The average time is probably about fifteen hours. This is determined by the color of the water, which, if all right, will be a bright, beautiful pea green. Then, without disturbing the storage the water is drawn off into a lower vat called the *goldenduro*, around which men, women, girls, and boys assemble, each armed with a long-handled, wooden spara, with which falling to upon the green solution, bubbling it with all their might, in a little time they actually beat it blue. Then the *floculo*, or coloring principle begins to curdle, and is scumming from the water gradually subsides, settling over the bottom of the vat in a deposit very like very blue, soft clay. The clear water is then carefully drawn off, and as it possesses, or holds in solution all the fertilizing properties contained in the Indigo plant, it is carefully saved to irrigate and fertilize other crops.

The blue sediment soon granulates after settling to the bottom of the vat, when it is put into wide, loose bags and dried in the sun. Being thoroughly dried, it is carefully assorted and put up in green hide sacks or *cercos* holding about an *arroba* of thirty-two pounds each. The green hides being packed full and securely fastened with stout thongs, their great shrinkage in drying hardens the Indigo bags almost as solid as a block of granite.

The plant after having undergone the steeping process must be buried as soon as it can be made sufficiently dry, otherwise in its rapid decomposition it emits such an offensive, putrid stench, that death by plague might otherwise supervene. Besides, in its decaying state it generates the pestiferous "Indigo fly," inimical alike to man, beast, and vegetation, in such countless millions, that in the aggregate their bulk would almost equal that of the plant pile itself. The average yield will not vary much from five *cercos* to the *manzana*—equivalent to about three hundred feet square; so that as the man as using process is inexpensive, and the cost of cultivation no more than that of our root crops, it will be seen that if the plant could be grown in the United States, farmers at pre-

sent prices could make a paying business of its culture.

Believing that sufficient has been said upon the subject to show the reader that Indigo is not a mineral dug from the bowels of the earth, let us take a glance beyond the blue subject at a few of the domestic arts and manufactures of the Val de Dulce.

First—houses. These, like a very large majority of houses in Spanish America, the Spanish West Indies, Spain itself, Manila, the Philippines, or wherever there are Spaniards, are of *adobe*. Such is the attachment of the race to this particular material for building purposes, that I believe one of the blood, these great great-grandparents multiplied by ten back through thirty generations, going to locate in Lupland, his first idea would be an *adobe* domicile. But the *adobe* dwellings of the Dulcans are better, more artistic, neater, and possess a far more homelike appearance than the great mass of mud fortresses that one finds in all countries where Spaniards or their descendants are the dominant race. The Dulcans are more careful in the selection of material, more methodical and painstaking in making up, moulding into bricks, and finally laying it into walls than the Spaniards and Portuguese in general are.

As in all South American countries where the earth has a fashion of going suddenly into fits, shaking things upon its surface about most unreasonably at unreasonable and unlooked for times, the buildings are generally of but one story, roomy on the ground, with massive outer walls and strong partitions of the same material, binding the whole structure firmly together in a way to defy the fitful shakes of the common enemy. While these necessary features have been maintained, however, the good taste and better mechanical skill of the Dulcan builders have hidden them by substituting the steep, light (thick roof with projecting ends and eaves, supported by fanciful brackets) wrought of bamboo work, latticed verandas and doors and windows gracefully arched to compare with the roof, shaded by and admitting light through neat, delicate bamboo screens, that the heavy, stolid, always gloomy style of the old Moorish architecture entirely disappears, giving in place of flat tops or heavy tiled roofs, fortress walls, prison-like doors and windows, with cross bars and ponderous plank shutters, a great gloomy corridor and everlasting twilight in all the interior, a light, pretty Salicene effect without, and within an air of cheerful, cozy comfort that is always wanting in the Moorish *adobe* house.

These people are clever artists in pneumatics and hydraulics too. Irrigation is everywhere resorted to as a fertilizing agency, and while the various means of lifting the water from the streams that traverse the valley are exhibitions of great ingenuity, their reservoirs, viaducts, and water courses, branching out from the fountain head, and in their serpentine ramifications diminishing as regularly as the blood channels of the human system as they run more remote from the source of supply, afford evidence of no mean skill in engineering.

The wind-mill is the first and favorite power for water raising, as also for several other useful purposes, and in the construction of these, which are numerous along every stream, of many different patterns and constructed mainly of bamboo, the wind-mill wrights of the Andean valley might probably afford the mill builders of more civilized countries some valuable hints.

The most common method of raising water is by a wheel attached to the mill, the top of the wheel being something higher than the receiving reservoir, and having fixed to its circumference numerous buckets made of sections of bamboo, oscillating and so arranged as to scoop up the water at the bottom, and tilting, empty themselves on top into the reservoir. Other wheels again are revolved by the current, lift up water in the same manner by having two-thirds of the buckets with their open mouths facing up stream as motors, while the other third, being the lesser power, and reversed, lift up the water. Pumps they have also, in several varieties, simple and compound in action, and many among them very efficient; but the most interesting of their water works is a sort of hydraulic ram, varied something from Mongolian, or any of its recent modifications, but having the principle the same we guessed from the monotonous, regular *cluck cluck* continually going on down under ground and distinctly audible a quarter of a mile distant.

All that was visible of these self-acting machines, was first, several—in some instances as many as eight—lines of pipe made of large bamboo and laid close together, sometimes nearly a mile in length receiving the water from the stream at the upper end, and conveying it to a subterranean cistern having a fall of from five to fifteen feet. Then there were two or three lesser pipes coming up out of the ground, and leading off horizontally, or with an easy upward inclination to the receiving reservoir, where they spouted forth the water in jets, precisely as our hydraulic rams do. Of course there must have been an underground air-chamber and valves acting in concert, but they were all covered up, and as there were none of the machines in course of construction, affording an opportunity to investigate, and those who possibly might have explained always making a great mystery of it, the exact principle remained a matter of mere guess work with us.

There was another of their industrial arts, which, though they made no mystery of it, covered up nothing from us, was ten times more a wonder and point of admiration than all their surface and subterranean water-works. The first feature of this art was the beauty and great variety of yarns and threads dilly spun by the nimble fingers of the Dulcan dames and maidens, with no other gear than the tapering wooden peg for a spindle, and a bobbin to wind the spun fabric on. From the finely divided fibre of an indigenous plant, a very little resembling flax, they spun thread as fine, even, glossy, and stronger than any silk I have ever seen. Beautiful yarns and threads were also spun from the long, soft staple of the perennal cotton, while from the fleecy wool of the llama I saw, and the long, silky hair of the vicuña, were spun and woven fabrics that would compare in texture and beauty of surface with anything that ever came from a European or North American power loom. We saw walls woven of vicuña fur and lawn from the fibre of the *Indigo* plant and perennal cotton, that her Majesty of France might be proud to wear.

The great, and to them insurmountable obstacle in the way of making the manufacture of these beautiful woven fabrics an extensive and largely remunerative enterprise, is the small like-tidiness of the process. With a loom constructed of pegs driven into the ground to stretch the web upon, every thread of which

must be tediously picked up one at a time as often as the bobbin is passed, and the web, thread by thread, beaten up with a whack of a flat stick, the utmost that two expert weavers can achieve of the coarse fabrics per day is about one and a half yards, while of the finest material, a quarter of a yard is the outside possibility.

What a magical and mighty revolution in many more features than cloth-making would the introduction into all these regions of Mendenhall's Self-acting Hand Loom achieve. Take for instance the Bolivian territory east of the Andes, a vast undulating plain, capable of supporting a population of fifteen millions of people, abounding to excess in all natural resources of wealth, having a climate unrivalled in the world for salubrity, unequalled as a grazing region, blessed with perpetual spring and summer, having innumerable water powers by which carding, spinning, and cloth-dressing machinery acting as hand maidens to the magic hand loom might be cheaply driven—with the Beni and great Madera rivers navigable to light draught steamers into the very heart of the territory, affording an unobstructed liquid highway to the mighty Amazon, and by it to the sea and the markets of the wide world—with such advantages, Bolivia requires but the progressive energy of a better policy infused into her councils of state, and with rapid strides she would emerge from the low depths of dependence, throw off her servile vassalage to a sister republic, redeem her mortgaged mines, and assume the position that by geographical locality and many internal resources of national wealth she is eminently qualified to maintain—that of Keystone State and Queen Regent of all the South American republics.

Losing the Happy of a Heart.

A mother who was leaving her home on a visit, told her little boy and girl not to go through a gate at the bottom of their garden, which opened into the wood. The children were very happy for a long time after their mother had gone, but at last, in their play, having reached the gate through which they were not to pass, the little boy began to feel an earnest desire to go into the wood. He persuaded his sister to follow him. Nothing appeared to disturb them, and after rambling and playing about, they returned, having concluded not to tell their mother where they had been, unless she asked them; she had not expected them to disobey, and never thought of inquiring. Notwithstanding this, the little boy did not feel comfortable. He knew he had done wrong, and he could not help feeling unhappy.

When Sunday night came, and the little boy had been washed for bed, he and his mother commenced to have a nice talk, as they usually had at that time. James could not keep his secret any longer from his kind mother, so he told her what he and his sister had done; and then in some sort to show that her command was needless, he said that nothing had happened to them. The mother let him know that something did befall them, and that they had lost something, and urged her little boy to think what it could be. Perhaps she meant they had lost the habit of obedience, and would be easily led to do wrong again; or perhaps she meant they had lost her confidence.

The little boy could not think for a long time of anything he had lost. He knew that he had left his ball safe, that his knife was in his pocket, and that his slate-pencil was at hand when he wished to use it. But as he continued to think, he remembered how uneasy and uncomfortable he had been all the week, and at last, in a low, sorrowful voice, he said, "Mother, I did lose something in the wood, I did; I lost the happy out of my heart."

Nest of the Humming-Bird.

The nest of the humming-bird is a miracle of perfection in domestic economy. For beauty, fitness and safety, the wisdom and taste displayed in its arrangement are irreproachable. Huddled in a plumage of emerald, ruby and topaz, remarkable for the delicacy of its form and grace of its motion, unaltered by rain from the clouds, or dust from the earth, feeding upon the nectar of the flowers, its habitation should be in character and so it is. Shaped like a half cup, it is delicately formed of lichens colored like the branch on which it is fixed, and lined with the soft down of plant blossoms, of mullen leaves, or the young fern. It is delicately soft, sheltered, and undistinguishable from the bark of the tree, of which it seems a most natural excrescence—a moss-grown knot. Two white eggs, as large as peas, adorn the nest, upon which, as asserted by some naturalists, the cock and hen sit by turns, for ten or twelve days.

The little birds scarcely larger than flies, enter upon their existence in a chamber tapestried with rich velvet, and are fed with the sweets of flowers from the maternal tongue. The tiny household exhibits not only a commendable neatness, but exquisite taste and delicacy in all its arrangements. Can gentle humanity derive no lesson from such an example?—*J. Lodge, Ohio Reporter, 1864.*

Old Dr. A.—— was a quack, and a very ignorant one. On one occasion he was called by mistake to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion, the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it came Dr. A.'s turn to speak—"Convalescent!" said he; "why, that's nothing serious; I have cured convalescents in twenty-four hours!"

REMARKS OF FILTRATION.—Dr. Franklin gives a remarkable instance of filtration through animal charcoal of the East London Company's water, supplied to the tenants of Miss Coutts, in Columbia Square, seven hundred in number. The organic matter was reduced to the minutest quantity, the hardness from twenty to seven degrees.

THE maid I love has violet eyes
And rose leaf lips of red,
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head,
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile,
And crowded kins might envy me
The splendor of her smile.

WE overheard a conductor kindly say to an aged lady, "Don't hurry, madam; we've all got to be old sometime, if we live." That man must have had a grandmother whom he loved.

"Punch" has discovered perpetual motion. He says it is "The winding up of corporations."

THE PRESS CLUB.

This excellent institution celebrated its third Anniversary with a "Banquet," on the 22d ult. There was a large attendance, including a number of invited guests. Speeches were made in response to suitable toasts by Marion McMichael, Mayor of the city and publisher of the North American, and Messrs. Forney, Kelley, Dougherty, Souder, Green, &c.

Mr. Emerson Bennett, in response to the toast, "The Fathers of Pennsylvania Journalism," spoke as follows:
"The Fathers of Pennsylvania Journalism."
The words are few and simple, but what a power there is in them to lift our thoughts from the glowing present and bear them far back into the silent and eventful past. At once, as by the wand of some mighty enchanter, our great proud city, with its almost million of human beings, its shops of industry, its marts of trade, its mansions of luxury, its walks of fashion, its hotels of grandeur, its temples of art, its halls of learning, its fane of worship, its palatial structures reared for the prosecution of that art preservative of all arts, this mighty city, I say, is made to vanish away.

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,"
and lo! we find ourselves standing, as spectators of the olden time, before a little quiet, rustic village, which, with careless ease and independence, has nestled itself among the hills and creeks that overlook the placid Delaware.

In that little, quiet village, with its sober and quaintly-dressed inhabitants—our Philadelphia of the olden time—one hundred and forty-seven years ago to-day—this day we celebrate—more than half a century before the thunders of the Revolution that made us a nation of freemen—Andrew Bradford sent forth, with fear and trembling, to eager, curious eyes, the first printed journal ever issued within the limits of Pennsylvania, and the third within these then British Colonies. It was a small, yellow, dingy, half sheet of foolscap size, and seemed to have a shrinking, frightened look, as if not well over the scare of coming through the rough hands of the printer's devil. It was not a loquacious sheet. It had little to communicate beyond the fact of its own birth and existence, and appeared to be quite as much astonished as any of the inhabitants at finding itself thrust forward as a newspaper pioneer. It was a seven, if not a nine days' wonder, and constituted its projector the great father, if not the grandfather, of Pennsylvania journalism.

In the pride of his heart, Andrew Bradford gave his dingy little bantling the high-sounding title of *The American Weekly Mercury*; but it no more resembled its namesake, the brilliant and winged messenger of the gods, than the empty pockets of Lazarus did the gold heaps of Croesus; and yet, mean and insignificant as it appeared, it was the beginning of a great result—the beginning of a power which has made itself felt to the uttermost ends of the earth; a power which has made the thrones of tyrants tremble; a power before which that of the fabled god was as a breath to a whirlwind. It was the first glimmering spark of a glorious constellation!

Ah! what a thing is futurity! Could we look forward into the future, as back into the past, what strange emotions would sometimes be awakened. Could Andrew Bradford, then and there, have cast his vision forward, down the stream of time, for a century and a half, and seen the palatial structures we have reared, on the self-same soil, for the prosecution of his craft—with their beautiful, complicated and ponderous machinery—turned by the strong, untiring arm of steam—roaring, rumbling, clattering, and flinging off thousands, and tens of thousands, and millions of printed journals for an eagerly anxious and expectant people—he would have blushed for his puny press, wretched types and miserable sheet; and yet his heart would have swelled with pride at the thought that he had been the first in the field, that he was the father and founder of Pennsylvania Journalism, and by this act had made his name immortal!

For years Andrew Bradford stood alone as the only journalist within the limits of Pennsylvania, and then he one day found himself confronted with a formidable rival in that wonderful man whose fame is as broad as civilization and enduring as time; that great practical genius who first shook hands with the lightning of Heaven and defied the thunders of Jove; that beloved patriot and statesman whom we all delight to honor—Benjamin Franklin.

The progress of early journalism was so slow in Pennsylvania that for many years Bradford and Franklin stood alone as rivals, and even at the end of half a century only three or four papers had an existence, the combined weekly issues and contents of which probably did not exceed that of a single daily of modern times.

A history of these journals and those which followed them, would doubtless be interesting to many; but, Mr. President, such is not my purpose here to-night; this is not the time and place for such remarks. I rose merely to respond to the toast given, to say a few words as a reminiscence of the olden time, to recall the beginning of a great result, and it now only remains for me to add the names of Bradford, Franklin, Sellers, Sower, Miller, Dunlap, Claypole and Poulson, and say of them that, as the fathers of Pennsylvania journalism who have done their work and passed away from the scenes of earth, we still hold them in honored remembrance, and pray God to keep their memories green! In the beautiful and touching language of our great poet, Whittier

"We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor."

FALSE CALVES.—The "gay deceiver" who runs the lost department of the New Albany (Ind.) Ledger, tells of a new invention of which he has a patent, gotten up for the purpose of determining whether or no a lady were patent calves. It was a cane with a fine needle in the end of it. As a lady passed, with her beautiful turned pedal extremities exposed to view by the "tilter," the calves are slightly pinched with the cane. If the lady kicks, the calves are genuine, if she does not they are "false."

The full dress of a native lady of Colombia is a hair pin and a garter.

A constable in Kentucky, in publishing some personal property for sale, put up a notice with the following clause: "I will respond if said article is 1866 or Jan. won't lose horse, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy test argument."

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1867.

| MONTHS | January | February | March | April | May | June | July | August | September | October | November | December |
|-----------|---|--|---|--|---|--|---|---|--|---|---|---|
| 1st Month | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 |

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelties, which will appear successively.

ORVILLE COLLEGE.

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Changelings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH FRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "A Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.
Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Perry, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate engraved on steel, in the first style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unsurpassed.

TERMS: \$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS.

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND, yearly the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST and the Clubmen can be made up for both Magazine and Paper, as may be desired.

If the contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be strictly different.
If special numbers sent on receipt of 50 cts.

DEACON & PETERSON.

No. 319 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

THE other evening a young couple went to St. Paul's Church, in D. C., to get married, attended by groomsmen and bridesmaids. They all stood up before the altar, and the officiating clergyman, supposing that the couple were to be married, requested the gentlemen to join hands. At that moment the bridegroom, who was alone, and in a very small space of time the four were made two. The situation being fully realized by the latter couple, they did not very well help, and all adjourned to their boarding house quite well pleased with the result of the preacher's mistake.

and touching her with velvet softness; but there was always some suggestion of the claw beneath; and though no apparent bond limited her freedom, it was evident that the least advance beyond a certain point would be peremptorily checked.

"No," said Lina, musing, "I do not care so much about those things. I should choose some one to whom I could be a great comfort, or who suffered from some unhappiness, which I could lighten by sharing it with him."

"So be it," said Mr. Ross, making a grimace; "only do not ask me to sanction your throwing yourself away. I swear to you, Lina, and he clenched his hand and struck the table with it with an energy which startled us all, that no consent of mine will be given to any romantic sacrifice of that kind. You had better dispense with my permission if these are your intentions; for as surely as my name is Ross I would refuse it, and curse you if you disobeyed me."

Nothing more was said at the time. I soon afterwards returned to school, loaded with presents from Lina and her mother, and with a pressing invitation to spend the summer holidays with them.

Lina wrote to me often. Just before Easter she was going into the country to spend a month with a young married relative, a Mrs. Balfour, who had a pleasant country-house in one of the midland counties. She was to take her maid, a middle-aged woman, who had been with her from her birth and who always accompanied her on such occasions. Mrs. Ross could never leave London on her husband's account; but when Summers was with Lina, Mrs. Ross felt that she was well cared for as by herself.

Lina wrote to me from Oakthorpe, and her first letters were cheery brief notes, such as she habitually wrote. She had a most telegraphic style. Her letters were a pithy summary of facts, without comment, and almost without personality. No human being was ever more reticent than Lina about her own impressions. She was timidly reserved to every one but to her mother and to me, and even we rather guessed at her feelings on different subjects than knew them positively from her own avowal. She was thoroughly truthful, but not frank. I prefer that kind of character myself. Very frank persons have often deceived me. They so volubly utter their most evanescent impressions, that one is at a loss to discover which is to be relied upon as the abiding one. After a few weeks Lina's letters were briefer and more abrupt, as if written in haste, and then I did not hear from her again during her visit.

Soon after her return from Oakthorpe she came to see me. I was called down to the sitting-room to see her. After a warm embrace I looked at her. I never had seen her look so pretty or so excited.

"What is the matter, Lina?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Are you well?"

"Don't I look so?"

"Yes, and yet—"

"You dear old thing; full of fancies, as usual. But never mind my looks. Do you think Madame would let you come home with me to-day? Mamma is not well, and—and we want you."

Permission was obtained, and I accompanied her. When I saw Mrs. Ross I was quite alarmed, though she assured me she was not really ill, only a little weak and nervous.

I do not know whether I was most shocked at the change in her appearance or at her evident strong wish to hide it from her daughter and from me. She was flushed with fever, and her eyes had a dry haggard look, which told of mental anxiety as well as of physical suffering. Every sound startled her, and her hands shook so that she could scarcely hold the book which she was pretending to read as we sat working by her side.

She told me that during Lina's absence she had had a bad attack of influenza, and had been so weakened by it that she had sent for Lina, as she really did not know what might have happened had it lasted much longer; but she was now all but entirely recovered. I have rarely seen more tender and loving eyes than those of Mrs. Ross, and when she looked at Lina there was a sweetness in them which was quite pathetic.

Mr. Ross came home as usual for dinner. It was strange, but it was no less indubitably true, that during the three months which had passed since I had been at their house, each of the members of the family were altered. Lina's thoughts were far away, and she looked prettier but less calmly happy than I had ever seen her. Her mother was a wreck. Mr. Ross was louder, coarser, redder than ever, and far less good tempered. He seemed impatient with his wife, and looked sternly at Lina.

He had brought a gentleman home with him, and I saw at once that he was brought in the capacity of suitor and intended son-in-law. Lina was totally unconscious, but I saw that Mrs. Ross was aware of it. I thought I had never seen any one look so pale as she did when she joined us at dinner, but she united with her husband in giving the stranger every encouragement and opportunity to make himself pleasing to Lina. He was a very disagreeable-looking though handsome man. He was a Prussian. He was superior in rank and position, but inferior in knowledge of the world to Mr. Ross. Where Mr. Ross was cynical and severe, Mr. Norbrecht was brutal and insulting. He was either so awkward or so shy that at first he could not open his lips, but after a time he became so familiar and overbearing that he was unendurable.

The four letters which spell "love" were the best designation for him; but he was not an amiable lot. As to Lina, she was so wrapped up in some secret thought, some golden reverie, that I think nothing would have disturbed or offended her. She was more affectionate than ever to her mother, though she was evidently unaware how ill the latter was; and, to do her justice, never did a poor woman make such an effort to conceal her failing health from all around her as did Mrs. Ross. Lina coaxed and caressed her father, and smiled with adorable unconsciousness on Norbrecht. It seemed as if sunshine and roses were her daily portion, and that storms and blight could not touch her. To me she was kindness itself, but she was changed. I saw at once that she had left the little world of books and girlish play, in which she had so lately dwelt, for an existence in which I had no part.

One day after dinner (Mr. Norbrecht had dined there as usual) I found I had dropped a hair bracelet which I always wore. I sent down the servant to look for it, and ran down myself as far as the landing-place, on which the dining-room door opened. The servant went in, and

as he left the door ajar, I could hear the loud voices within. They were talking German. I heard Norbrecht in a most insolent tone insisting on something which Mr. Ross opposed.

"No, no, man; the time is not come yet. I do not shrink my bond, but I will not anticipate it."

"But I do not advance one whit. She is like a mermaid. One thinks one is grasping a woman, and she slides off like a fish. I sometimes think you are all in league against me."

"Walter Norbrecht," replied Mr. Ross, with a terrible oath; "e ough of this. On the first of January next, Lina Ross shall be your wife, or I—"

"I was a fool to give you such a margin."

"That's your affair; but what do you call a margin? Our compact was made on the third of February—you have not given me one whole year to repay you."

The door was shut, and I heard no more. "I am afraid it is broken, miss; it was under master's foot." I took my poor bracelet. It was crushed and broken; ground down beneath those heavy feet. It could never be worn again. It was made of Lina's hair, and I cried over it as if my heart would break. It seemed like an omen.

I went into my own room, for I was in a perfect paroxysm of fear and agitation. Should I tell Lina? No, I saw at once that was impossible. I was too great a coward to do so. I could as soon have stabbed her with my own hands. Mrs. Ross? Was it not more than probable that she was already aware of it, and that the fear of such an impending sorrow was the cause of her illness and changed looks? I was bewildered, and when Lina came up to look for me, it was no excuse to say that my head ached, so that I could not go downstairs again.

The next morning when I went down it was late, and Mr. Ross had gone to the city. Lina's face was radiant over a letter she had just received. It was another invitation to Oakthorpe. "Do let me go, mamma—if you are well enough to spare me."

"But you only returned a fortnight ago, Lina. Your papa—"

"Yes, mamma; but you know I came back before my visit was over, because you sent for me; they have put off a great many gaieties till I could go back. Do let me go."

Mrs. Ross looked at Lina, and then at me. There was a helpless kind of look in her eyes, which almost upset me.

"Do let me go, dearest mamma."

"Yes; but how can I ask your papa? We can ill spare you, Lina."

"Then, mamma, I will not go." She spoke eagerly, but her face changed as she spoke.

"No, my child, you shall go. You shall enjoy yourself while you can," she added softly.

"I wish," said Lina, looking wistfully at me, "I could take you with me, Susan, to Oakthorpe."

"Oh, Lina!" I said, and burst into tears.

"I could not bear to see her so full of other hopes when in a few months such a fearful fate awaited her. I was too inexperienced to dream of the possibility of an escape for her, and I still heard her father's harsh voice swearing that on the first of January she should be Walter Norbrecht's wife."

Lina comforted me, and said I was very foolish to cry because she was going away; she would often write to me, and I must come to them at midsummer.

"Let me speak to your papa about Oakthorpe," said Mrs. Ross; "do not you ask his permission. I will do so."

She did so. Mr. Ross was very angry at first, but after a long, private interview with his wife, from which she came out as white as a sheet, he consented, and it was decided as Lina wished.

As soon as it was settled, she ran singing out of the room to look at what dresses she should take with her.

Mrs. Ross looked after her, and then turned to me.

"Do not think her selfish, Susan; her head is a little turned by Oakthorpe, but she does not love us the less, dear. My poor child! these are her happy days."

"Mamma," said Lina, running on, "where are the pearls you always lend me to wear with my white silk? I told Summers you would be sure to let me take them, but she cannot find them. Don't you keep them any longer in your wardrobe?"

"No; never mind; you will look just as well without them, Lina."

"But where are they?"

Mrs. Ross changed from white to red, and from red to white, but was silent.

"How strange!" muttered Lina. "I saw them there yesterday. She left the room. I do not know why, but I connected the disappearance of those pearls with the permission granted to Lina to go to Oakthorpe. I felt I turned scarlet as the idea entered my mind, and, to add to my confusion, when I looked up I saw Mrs. Ross was observing me keenly. She came up to me and took my hand."

"Will you promise me, Susan, that if anything happens to me, or to her father, or if she were married and not happy in her marriage, you will take care of her,—will you not?" It was a strange promise to exact from one so young as I was, but Mrs. Ross knew that next to herself no one loved Lina so much as I did. Alas! how vain was all our love to shield her.

I returned to school. Midsummer came and went, but I never saw either Mrs. Ross or Lina. Lina had returned from Oakthorpe. So far I knew. She had been ill, was ordered to the seaside, and so ended my midsummer dream. She wrote seldom. Her letters, always brief, were briefer than ever. At last they ceased altogether. My heart began to fail. Had Lina become alienated from her school-friend? About the beginning of November, to my great surprise, I received a scrawled note from Mrs. Ross herself, begging me to go to her.

I obtained permission, and went.

At the door I was told to go up-stairs to her bedroom. She was ill in bed.

I had asked for Lina as I entered the hall, but had received no answer from the scared servant. When I entered her room, Mrs. Ross almost sprang from the bed.

"Has she written to you, Susan?"

"Who?"

"Lina!"

"Lina! Where is she?"

"Oh, my God! my heart will break! Lost—lost!"

"Do tell me," I entreated, in agitation almost equal to her own.

"I will tell you," she said, at last, as soon as her sobs allowed her to speak.

"Lina returned from Oakthorpe much as usual,

except that she seemed a little serious and dull, but this I attributed to the reaction after all the excitement and gaiety of Oakthorpe, and took no notice of it. What struck me, however, as most singular was, that she would not go to see you. When I proposed it, she said she would not disturb you. About a fortnight afterwards she had what the doctors called a nervous fever. She was very ill, and nothing seemed to do her good. Again I offered to send for you. 'No,' she said; 'it was too bad always to send for you when we were ill. No. You were to come at midsummer.' When midsummer came we went to Bognor, and though I told her it would be a pleasant change for you, she would not hear of it. She said it would be no holiday for you to be shut up in a sick room, attending to the caprices of a sick person. I accompanied her to Bognor, but could only remain a few days with her, for my husband could not leave town, and I could not leave him alone. Summers stayed with her. About a fortnight ago her father said he was afraid of the cold, and wanted her home before the winter set in."

Here Mrs. Ross paused, and caught her breath, and went on in a different voice.

"There has been a great pressure lately in the commercial world, Susan, and we have been great sufferers. We have made great sacrifices. All my private property, all my jewels, have been given up. I have only kept a few diamonds and my marriage settlement. In case of the worst, Lina will not starve. Early in the year Mr. Ross was absolutely driven to the wall, and could not have met his engagements, but for the timely aid of Mr. Norbrecht. His assistance was given on the express stipulation that if we could not retrieve our lost fortunes he should consider that sum his wedding present to Lina."

Mrs. Ross always spoke now in the plural number. "We," as if, poor woman, she had been an accomplice with her husband in the sacrifice of his daughter, when I knew that if her own life-blood could have saved her, it would have been freely poured out.

"Fortune has been against us," she continued; "and loss has followed loss. I do not mind telling you, Susan, that we see nothing but ruin. When Lina returned we tried to interest her in Mr. Norbrecht. He is not attractive, I know, said the poor woman, with a pathetic attempt at deceiving her listener and herself, "but he is a man of great probity in business and generous to a fault; but Lina never seemed to understand him or us. One morning, about ten days ago, we were sitting quietly together, reading the morning papers after breakfast. I must tell you Lina had taken to reading the newspapers lately, quite a new thing for her, but she had done so for the last few months; when she suddenly threw down the paper, fell from her chair in a dead faint, and when her senses returned, sobbed and screamed, and sobbed and sobbed, for hours, till I thought she would have died, and I with her. What was this dreadful sorrow? What affliction had befallen my child? I could not find out what was the matter with her; but that day she could not leave her room. Her father was not anxious about it. 'Womanish hysterics,' he said; 'she will be better when she is married.' I was bewildered. The next day she came down as usual, but looked like a ghost. Three days afterwards her father told her that Mr. Norbrecht had proposed and been accepted by us. He told her the fatal bond which bound us to him; he told her that she might have been better. As it was—as it was—"

Again Mrs. Ross gasped for breath. "Lina did not say a word, but listened to him. I saw the veins in her forehead tighten, and the pulses in her throat throbb, as she turned white and then red, and looked round and round, as if for escape. At last she gave a kind of groan and left the room. I wanted to go after her, but my husband would not permit it. 'She will come to her senses by herself,' he said. 'Wait two or three hours, and then you shall go to her. She will be reasonable then.' I waited: at the end of that time I went up-stairs. The house was as silent as a tomb. No one answered me. I went to my own room. She was not there. I went up-stairs and searched for Summers; she was gone too. From that day to this—it was now a week—I have seen neither of them. I was told that Lina had rung her bell for Summers directly she had gone to her own room that morning, and that, after some minutes, Summers went up-stairs, put on her bonnet, and that then they both went out. Lina often went out shopping with Summers, and therefore no one had particularly noticed it. The housemaid, who had met Summers going to fetch her bonnet, said she was as pale as ashes, but she fancied she might not be well. She also had seemed very poorly since her return from the country. Lina had taken all her money, but none of her clothes or trinkets except the brooch you gave her. Had she gone alone I must have been dead by this time; but I cling to the idea that as Summers is with her she is, somehow, safe."

The poor mother wrung her hands.

"And her father?" I asked.

"My husband has been like a madman!" and at the bare thought, Mrs. Ross trembled like a leaf. "Sometimes he thinks it is my fault. I know Mr. Norbrecht thinks we are both to blame, while I—"

She rocked herself to and fro, and could not utter all her fears.

"Have you written to Oakthorpe?"

"Yes; but Mrs. Balfour was not there. I have written to Bognor, but she has not been heard of at the house we occupied. My husband will not make any inquiries that are likely to make the thing public. He will not be shamed by her, he says."

"And Mr. Norbrecht?"

"He swears that if Lina is not his wife by the first of January, Mr. Ross must refund his debt, or—"

"What?"

"I scarcely know what it is, but it seems we are in a power, and he may convict us as criminals—God knows how!—as fraudulent bankrupts."

The poor woman looked so hopelessly confused and agitated, that I would ask no more questions. I told her that if I heard from Lina I would come to her at once, but feared Lina would not write to me.

I would not stop to dine, but hastened home. I was miserable. It was so startling to turn from my sunny dreams about Lina's future to these fearful realities. How could I conjecture what had become of her? I, whose world was circumscribed by school-days and holidays, who knew nothing of love or crime, but what two or three chivalric novels of Walter Scott could teach.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A WOMAN NAMED VIRTUE INOCCENT has been fined in London, for using unjust weights.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GOVERNOR.

It was bright, glorious summertime again at Armistage. The golden sunshine looked boldly and saucily into the hearts of the gay blossoms that lay spread out like a gorgeous page of illumination below the house; it frolicked like a sportive kitten upon the grassy lawn; anon lying at full length on the greenward, then darting amongst the waving branches of the tall shrubs which bordered it, or playing at hide-and-seek behind them. Then it crept slyly up the stone steps upon which Olive sat at work, and dazzled her eyes so that she was fain to lay aside her needle, and to sit, lapped in lazy dreams, looking over the fair summer-world before her, whilst the sunshine crept onwards, winking at the solemn, bearded lions, and drowsing with the grave, dark cedar-trees, peeping under the brim of Miss Holmby's straw hat, and laughing like a wicked elf amongst the tawny shades of Mr. Julius's careless locks, creeping onwards across the terrace until it sprang with a sudden flash upon the grey stone walls, warming and brightening them into life, and sparkling from window to window, until the hoary old hall smiled in the rosy beams just as a venerable greybeard warms and smiles at the loving play of merry, light-hearted youth.

Presently out of the shadow of the inner house, through the open library window, there flitted a brilliant butterfly into the sunshine—in other words, Hilda Conroy sailed across the terrace, nodding benignly towards the pair of lovers, whose preoccupation she barely disturbed, and settling her spreading summer draperies upon the steps at Olive's side.

"Well, I have found you at last," she exclaimed, taking off her headgear and fanning herself with it. "I have been all through the house searching for you—everywhere, that is, but to Miss Armistage's private apartments, in which I was told she was engaged. A certain instinct of respect—to which I beg to call your attention, since it is the only grain of the commodity which enters into my composition—prevented my intruding upon her."

"Aunt Ursula will feel flattered," Olive remarked.

"She ought," Hilda replied complacently. "It's a curious thing, but the less people aim at gaining one's respect, the more they succeed in getting it. Now, there's Lady Arthur. She has been trying the whole of this long morning to prove her title to my unqualified respect and reverence, and yet she has not been able to make me see it." And an expression of intense weariness and annoyance overspread Miss Hilda's fine features.

"If you could imagine," she went on, "what a morning I have had! No wonder I feel like a bird out of a cage at this moment. She has been in a ghastly, retrospective mood—if you know what that means—sitting about the graves of her youth and her beauty. Then she has been, also, in a parenthetical mood, with a spice of charity in it, trying to take me down several pegs and to do me good. And I don't feel any the better for her exertions—considerably worse, rather," concluded the young lady, fanning herself more violently than before.

"How is Lady Arthur to-day?" Olive asked.

"Well, I believe she is not so well; and that perhaps accounts for—for—things," Hilda replied. "Her cough is very troublesome. Dr. Graves saw her again yesterday. He says she must be kept very quiet. 'Good gracious, doctor!' I said, 'that's exactly what I want her to do—keep quiet—but she won't.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Oh, only repeated—in that solemn, senseless way of his—'She must be kept quiet. I will not answer for the consequences if she is not kept perfectly quiet.' As if," Hilda went on, exclaiming herself considerably on the question—"as if her being quiet were not the fervent desire and aspiration of every one of us!"

"Aunt Ursula intends to drive over to Hazelrigg presently," Olive said.

"I earnestly hope she will; and I will stay here until she comes back. She will divert the current of my lady's ideas, which just now run dangerously upon me. Yesterday you had your turn."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. She saw the news in the paper, and that roused all her most amiable instincts. And that reminds me I have not congratulated you yet."

"Upon what?"

"Very nicely done indeed," Hilda remarked, smoothing out her sea-green skirt; "nobody but you would have detected that it was sham innocence."

Olive's heart gave a quick throb. Had Gerald come back? Surely not. This was only June, and by the latest accounts he was only to be looked for in August. And, besides, why should Hilda connect his return with her, and why should her own thoughts fly at once to him? It was a sort of vexed and guilty consciousness which dyed her cheek as Hilda spoke. And not a shade of this embarrassment was lost upon the quick-sighted young lady.

"I never ask for people's secrets," she said, "but it seems to me that this, which has been in everybody's mouth so long, is hardly secret enough for any refinements of delicate circumspection. I thought my friendship deserved something like confidence." And Hilda pouted in the most natural way after this lofty speech.

But her lady airs of offence were lost upon Olive, upon whom a light, and not a pleasant one, had suddenly dawned.

"What is in everybody's mouth?" she demanded, sitting bolt upright upon the stone steps, and letting the sun stare her out of countenance if it liked.

In detailing this scene afterwards, Hilda declared that the "little creature's" aspect was so fierce, it frightened her horribly. At all events, she held her hat between herself and Olive as a sort of protection, and cried out with a pretence of terror—

"Don't, please—don't look so savage! It's not my fault. Theodora Thynne said it was all settled down at Arlingford last Christmas. Everybody believes it. And seeing the Governor's appointment in the *Times* yesterday, I concluded that that was what you had been waiting for."

"Who is governor? and of what?"

"Why, Colonel St. Maur," Hilda explained, dropping her defence as she began to perceive that she was really giving information. "He has been appointed governor of that place at the other side of the world—that topsy-turvy land where 'honest merit,' etc. and Irish impudence legislate for the rest. And seeing that it was the duke's appointment, I never imagined

but that it had a meaning. Lady Arthur is quite jealous. She says the duke might have given it to Gerald instead."

Olive did not speak, but her flashing eyes, inquisitorially bent upon Hilda, demanded as plainly as words—"Speak plainly!"

Thus brought imperatively to book, Hilda dashed it out boldly—

"Lady Arthur talked of it as certain. Every body considers it a settled thing. I assure you, that you intend to marry Colonel St. Maur."

"Will you be kind enough to tell Lady Arthur that you have my unqualified contradiction to that report?"

This was said with a sort of cold calm which ought to have been very impressive.

"Then it is not true after all!" sighed the incorrigible Hilda. "And I have been drawing the most comical pictures of you, the governor's lady, sitting under a gum tree in state, receiving the aborigines—in blankets. And it's not true! With a provoking air of making sure over again. 'Oh dear me! I would not for worlds tell Lady Arthur. I had twelve hours of the subject yesterday, and I am not strong enough for a second series just yet.'"

Olive rose precipitately to her feet, and walked into the house. Hilda followed at her leisure, and Miss Holmby, joined her on the terrace. They found Miss Ursula and Olive in the hall, the former prepared for her drive, the latter talking with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

She had expected this, and yet now that it had come she was surprised and indignant. She would have it contradicted to Lady Arthur—to Lady Arthur of all people. And because her conscience was too direct for self-deception, she was not long in bringing home to herself why Gerald was coming home. This news would meet him at once. She instinctively recognized that his mother would be pleased to tell it to him. And—

And yet what was it to him?

No matter what it was to him, she could not, would not have it so. And she sent Miss Ursula with the most positive denial to Lady Arthur, and she turned back to the garden again with an opening vista of thought for her leisure—thought that was like an uneasy, aching pain which we have not yet probed to its source.

Hilda, perfectly unimpressed by any mischief she might have done, talked on, and by degrees Olive calmed down and found herself listening.

"Ask me to come and spend a long day here," she entreated, "if you have any Christian charity belonging to you. Get me away for one day, or I shall—I shall do something wicked, I know I shall. Mademoiselle had a friend whose fate she was continually weeping over and deploring because she was married to a man of uncongenial tastes, and they lived in a lighthouse. (I saw her *carte de visite*—she had false hair and wore spectacles.) The contemplation of this picture of life urel to give me little cold shivers all down my back, and mademoiselle was charmed with the sympathy I exhibited for her hapless friend. But I declare to you, for the last fortnight I have felt as if the lighthouse would have been a relief."

Olive could not help laughing.

"When will you come?" she said. "I am sure Aunt Ursula will be very glad to see you at any time. But how can you leave Lady Arthur? Shall I offer to go over and stay with her whilst you are away?"

"Oh, dear, no! You wouldn't like it—she is dangerous just now. Besides, I am coming to see you. Miss Holmby is a sweet little thing, but then she is in love, and rather slow at any time. I want to refresh my spirits, and I should be for ever ruined in that dear, good Miss Armistage's opinion if I let them loose upon her. As for you, you know the worst of me already. O the blessing of a friend who does! I generally commence my friendships by showing all the bad that is in me; afterwards, if the friendship survives the test, I can go on comfortably. Don't you think it is a good plan?"

"It saves after-disappointment, at all events," Olive said.

"Exactly, and sets one at one's ease. There is nothing on earth so wretched as trying to act up to other people's good opinion of one. Have you not met with unhappy individuals whose friends have endowed them with certain qualities which they are endeavoring all the time to represent, with a result sufficiently uncomfortable to themselves and unsatisfactory to the world? I have one before me at this moment. No—not there," she hastened to explain, as Olive looked round in genuine surprise at Mr. Julius, upon whom Hilda's eyes had happened to rest, where he stood lengthening out his lingering adieux beneath the cedar-trees on the terrace slope; "that's an honest man enough, it is quite pretty to see their genuine, innocent love-making,"—this with that superior, elderly air of wisdom which so distinguished Hilda. "The specimen I was speaking of is Mr. Howard, the curate of Hazelrigg. Lady Dancome calls him 'a saintly young man,' and he knows it and believes it. Lady Arthur has taken to him of late; he holds weekly sittings with her; she says he edifies her, and she is always holding up hands at the staidness and hardness, and gracefulness of young people in general, and myself in particular, because I will not let him edify me. I cannot get over the impression that he is talking between inverted commas. I don't believe he has anything of his own to say. He walks in a devotional curve—so—and he shuts his eyes when I speak to him—so," dropping her long, dark lashes upon her clear cheek; "and that I do not consider fair; you have no play upon a man with his eyes shut, now, have you?"

"Perhaps that is why he shuts them," Olive suggested. "What do you say to him to make such an extreme measure necessary?"

"Oh, I pick out my smallest jokes, and pelt him with them like pebbles; and I have attempted spiritual riddles and theological discussions; yes, really, you need not look solemn or incredulous either. I asked him, quite seriously, whether he thought Roth's conduct in courting Boaz was intended as a warning or an encouragement."

"And what did he say?"

"Shut his eyes, so there was an end of that opportunity for edification. He is afraid I want to marry him, and he thinks it wouldn't be for his soul's good that I should, so he comes to the house with a deprecatory air, and a sort of moral 'hands off' manner about him, that stimulates me more than I can express. I frighten him horribly. I tie the ribbons in my hair, and meet him in the hall when he comes, and waylay him when he goes out; and I had made up my mind to attend the sittings regularly, but I really cannot stand that, not even for the satisfaction of making his life a burden to

him. But I sent him home yesterday in a cold perspiration."

"Oh, Hilda," Olive was beginning.

"Now don't," interrupted that lively young lady. "I know every word you are going to say. You are going to tell me that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and so I ought, you are going to hint that my conduct is very unfeminine, and very improper, and that you wonder at me. Now consider that all that is said, and your duty done. I respect you very much for saying it, but what am I to do? (Satan finds some mischief still, you know, and I have nothing on earth to do but mischief, and Lady Arthur talks to me until I go mad, and then I must either beat my maid, or leave Mr. Howard, and Eileen is a good girl, and I do not want to do her an injury, so I choose the parson. But I did not tell you what happened yesterday. Lady Arthur and he were discussing in the most Christian and edifying manner possible Miss Leda Duncanson's attachment, or rather supposed attachment, to young Mr. Courtenay, and Lady Arthur concluded, with supreme delicacy, that the young man was not at all anxious about it, but that the Duncanson meant to draw him in. To which Mr. Howard, with his eyes very wide open, assented."

"If Miss Leda intends to marry him, she will," I pronounced. "If a woman has set her heart on marrying a man she will do it, and it is of no use his trying to prevent her. If he looks himself into a room, she will marry him through the keyhole. And I fixed my eyes full upon Mr. Howard as I said it. He shivered, shuddered, and collapsed. And he went off as soon as Lady Arthur had come to the end of her sentence."

"Hilda! how are you?" Olive protested.

"Oh, of course, how can I?" peevishly. "I have told you that this is the only amusement in my way. We used to get books from the Estwick library, but Lady Arthur has stopped all but religious publications, and seeing the effect of these upon her, I am literally afraid to read them. The most sensational sensation novel that ever was printed couldn't be more exciting. What an immense amount of bombing there is in the world, to be sure! To hear mamma and all the mothers I know rail against the 'sensational tone of the day,' and then let a 'Higamite's Falsehood,' or a 'Moor House Ghost,' or any other scolding tale appear in print to-morrow, and they will all read it—every one of them! It reminds me of the old nursery days, when nurse used to take me peevish away from me—Gwendoline's and mine—when we came up from school, telling us they were not good for us at night, and then let them know as soon as we were in bed. How my little heart used to rage and swell! Well, let me something to read, there's a dear creature—something in three volumes—and I will promise you to look myself in my own room, and to let Mr. Howard come and go in peace to-morrow."

Olive led the way to the library shelves, where Hilda rummaged amongst the light literature until she found half a dozen promising looking volumes, which she prepared to carry off in triumph.

"Five o'clock," she said, looking at her watch. "I shall not do more than Miss Armistage. Heigho! I wonder what sort of an evening I shall have. Lady Arthur goes to bed early—that is one comfort. She will give me over again her interview with your aunt, and the exhortations she has thought it her duty to improve the occasion with. I did not tell you that her religious experience has reached the stage which enables her to judge the religion of others. You are 'a Pharisee,' Miss Armistage is 'a fake warm,' and I, of course, am 'a fiery reprobate.' Well, good bye. When is Clara coming back? I hear that she is very gay in town. Next week? Then I can come and spend my long day with you, and Clara can come over to Haverleigh."

These last words were uttered as she stepped into Lady Arthur's little pony carriage at the door. Looking back, with the reins gathered up in her hands, to where Olive stood, just within the porch, shading her eyes with her hand, whilst the summer breeze rustled her light garments about her, Hilda detected her starting to say—

"And it is really not true?"

"What?"

"About the governor's lady. I am quite disappointed. Good bye!"

And she drove off with this parting shot.

"Poor Lady Arthur," sighed Olive, as she went back to gather up her scattered work materials from the steps upon which the sun was shining too hotly to make it any longer a pleasant resting place, "poor Lady Arthur!"

It was easy to see, through Hilda's wild talk, fretted and worried as the girl evidently was, a painful enough picture of Lady Arthur's state. That inflammation which had hurried Miss Leda and her niece away from Arlington in the winter in such good time (as Olive thought) had settled permanently upon her lungs, in consequence, her mail declared, of her own impatient disregard of the doctor's orders to keep her room and the house through the long spell of easterly wind which delayed the spring, and the more ill the lady got the more careful were the doctors not to commit themselves to any positive opinion on her case. One would only deliver himself of the verdict that she required great care, another opined that, if the cough could not be subdued, her strength would be seriously impaired, and a third could see no reason why, if certain conditions were complied with (which conditions, however, he did not state) she should not ultimately recover.

All these vague statements were made to Lady Arthur's friends; for herself, she never asked for any opinion—there was a certain terrible prescience which warned her she had better not. She looked askance at the awful shadow outlined before her night and day, growing every month more and more distinct—more and more present with her; and whilst her cheeks flushed with fever, and her breath learned to come in gasps, and her form wasted, she soothed her maid and her maid's daughter—poor creature!—at first needs of so-called religious help, and armed herself with them as rods wherewith to beat all about her, until she drove Hilda—whose faith was none of the strongest at any time—to the very verge of infidelity, if not beyond it.

"Lady Arthur has lived too late," soliloquized that irritated young lady on returning to her room after one of her aunt's most violent crises. "What a persecutor she would have made! She ought to have belonged to the Spanish Inquisition, or to have been a lady abbess of the non-breaking-up-allive days. She is quite lost in these degenerate, latitudinarian times; there is not scope enough for her."

Charlie came back just in time to save poor

Hilda from desperation, and took her share, and something more than her share, of Lady Arthur's sickness, and as the summer wore on, the invalid rallied, and was able to come out into the sunshine, and seemed ready to fulfill the prognostication of one of the wise men that she would gain strength. Charlie tended her in the most careful manner, making occasional visits to London, where Miss Leda and the Hildas were now settled, and leaving Hilda at liberty to carry herself and her worldly wisdom over to Armytage Hall often enough to save both her faith and her temper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A SHORT STORY.

Gurney Brackenridge, feeling from the consequences of the deed he had done, made the best of his way to London, and lay in hiding there in a low water-side tavern on the Surrey side of the river. He had not intended, in the first instance, to stay there more than a few days, but to get out of the country altogether as soon as he should see an opportunity of doing so in safety. But when, the fourth morning after his arrival in London, he read in one of the daily papers a long extract from a *Monks' Journal* describing the finding of Jerry's body in the shut-up house—found the afternoon following the lad's death, in consequence of a statement made by Griggs the cooper, who had heard that Mrs. Winch was making anxious inquiries after her missing son; and when he read the account of the inquest, and how it had resulted in the issue of a warrant for the apprehension of himself, he began to see that his scheme for getting out of the country, at least for some time to come, was not so entirely free from danger as he had at first imagined it would be. A minute and accurate description of his personal appearance would have already been sent to every large newspaper in the kingdom, and to go down to the docks in search of a vessel either at London or Liverpool, would be like putting his head into the lion's den. It was true that he had disguised himself in some measure, having shaved off his whiskers, and had his hair cut close, and altered the style of his dress; but he had all an ignorant man's belief in the infallibility of the police, and he felt that his disguise would stand him in poor stead under the keen eyes of a detective in whose memory a certain paragraph of the *Times* and *City* was busily fermenting.

So, he had better be quiet by for a few weeks, till something fresher and more important should have engaged the attention of the blue-coated gentry; and then take an opportunity of dropping down the river by some night sailing steamer, bound he hardly cared whither. He was not without funds, having brought away with him, in addition to what money of his own he had by him at the time, a hundred and twenty pounds belonging to Mrs. Winch, which had been entrusted to his hands on the preceding day, for the purpose of being deposited by him in the county bank at Evesham; and he knew from the evidence as given in the newspaper, that a charge of absconding with this money had been brought against him by the indignant widow, and that he was "wanted" by Justice to answer for a double crime. Sometimes he thought that had it not been for that cursed money, which he had put into his pocket on the impulse of the moment when coming away, he would have gone back and have given himself up, and have borne the brunt of what ever charge might have been brought against him. That Jerry Winch owed his death to him, he could not disprove; but no one but himself knew the real reason why the chloroform had been administered, and it would be difficult to trump up some plausible story to account for having made use of it, which, if credited by a jury, would soften Jerry's premature death from a crime into a mere error of judgment; and, at the worst, they could but record a verdict of manslaughter against him, which a few months' imprisonment would expiate in full.

It may, however, be doubted, whether, in any case, Brackenridge would have had the courage to take a course so apparently straightforward, because, even then, he would have had to piece together some story that would bear close examination, to account for Jerry's death; and he felt himself deficient both in the audacity and invention requisite for such a course; but, now that he had taken the hundred and twenty pounds as his own, such a step was utterly out of the question, should he be captured, nothing less than a prosecution for felony awaited him.

So Gurney Brackenridge lay in hiding at the dirty little water-side public house known as the *Three Fishes*, situated in the heart of a trower and disreputable neighborhood. They were not in the habit of letting out beds at the *Three Fishes*, their profits being absorbed at by a much readier process, but the landlord was one of those men who cared little how he turned a penny, so long as he did turn it; and when the chemist, way worn, dusty, and utterly fagged out, put the question to him five minutes before closing time one night, whether he could be accommodated till morning, he had promptly answered in the affirmative, and had at once turned his sister and two children out of their warm bed in order to accommodate this white-faced stranger. And there Brackenridge had stayed. His bedroom was served up in a style very different from what he had been accustomed to at home; and he was waited on by a rancid, elderly girl, whose ears he felt a longing to box twenty times a day; besides which, both house and neighborhood were thoroughly detestable; but then—no one ever asked him any questions; no one ever seemed to suspect his reasons for lingering there, one day after another, every atom of that seedling mass of humanity by which he was surrounded was too intent on its own bitter struggle for the needful daily crust, or too absorbed in the enjoyment of its own fierce pleasures, to heed him in any way, and he almost felt that he was safe. "Expecting some relation from the East Indies are you?" said the landlord one day, in reply to some mumbled explanation from Brackenridge of his long stay at the *Three Fishes*. "That's all right enough, I daresay; but you may as well understand Bob Jarvis once for all. So long as a man pays his way like a man, and ain't stuck up, I takes no questions. Whether a cove's on the square, or whether he's under a cloud, don't matter a penny to me."

Brackenridge began to find his life intolerably dull. He went out for a newspaper every morning,

which he contrived to make last him till his one o'clock dinner was brought up; but when that was over, he had no resource left but to smoke and sleep away the long dreary afternoons, which seemed as if they would never come to an end. He never ventured out of doors while the faintest glimmer of daylight lingered in the sky, but as soon as night had fairly set in, and the *Three Fishes*, waking up from the semi-lethargy of its daylight existence, lighted all its lamps, in doors and out, and began to grow jovial, not to say uproarious, after its own fashion, which was far from being a pleasant one, then would the forlorn chemist steal out at the back door, and tramp the frowzy streets for hours. He rarely ventured more than a mile away from the *Three Fishes*, but found his way back to it again and again in the course of each evening's peregrination, or rather to some point from which its lamps could be seen; for no sooner had he left it behind him, than he became possessed by an uneasy sense of the insecurity of his existence, a dread of fire or of some other unforeseen calamity overtaking it while he was away, which dragged him back times without number against his better sense, as it were, that the night satisfy himself with his own eyes that the crazy old building was still intact. He was not without a reason for this anxiety. Behind a loose piece of splintered board at the back of his bed lay hidden away the canvas bag containing the hundred and twenty sovereigns which he had brought with him from the country to such a sum of money on his person, would have been sheer madness; and that was the only place of security he could think of.

The last thing every night before turning in, he crept down the short street, of which the *Three Fishes* formed the corner house abutting on the main thoroughfare, to look at the river. Not that much of it could be seen on a dark night by looking through the gateway at the bottom of the street, and so across the little disused grain wharf; nothing, in fact, but a great patch of blackness with a fringe of fire-line on the opposite shore; but such as it was, he loved to gaze on it, no one less able than himself to explain the reason why, and when the tide ran high, and the wind was at all rough, he could hear the melancholy plish-plash of the water against the stone lip of the wharf, and it was a sound that drove him back to his room with a chilled heart, and dim forebodings of coming ill, but none the less would he go down to the wharf on the following night, and strain his eyes into the darkness, and listen, as though he were expecting the coming of some grim boatman, with whom he had an appointment that must not be broken.

Yes, Gurney Brackenridge began to find the life he was leading intolerably dull. No wonder, then, that he began to look at his old friend, the brandy bottle, for solace and companionship. Under the wing of this trusty friend, he could forget half his troubles, or afford to view them with as much equanimity as though they were the property of some one else; so, little by little, the alluring habit grew upon him, and day by day his power of resistance grew weaker. The landlord of the *Three Fishes* made no difficulty about procuring as much French brandy as his lodger asked for, so long as his privilege of a hundred per cent. profit was not objected to.

One evening, while rambling about, Brackenridge got wet through, and took a severe cold; and after that time he lay in bed almost day and night, drinking more than ever, and rarely going outside the house, except now and then to steal down the street, and gaze through the bare for a minute or two at the river, and then creep back with a shiver to his cheerless room. He slept so much in the daytime now that he could no longer rest soundly at night, and his pillow was often haunted by frightful dreams, from which he would wake up in an agony so intense as made him dread the thought of ever going to sleep again. As each morning came round, he told himself that it should be the last of his stay at the *Three Fishes*; that on the following day he would go down to the docks and secure a berth on board the first ship he could find that was about to sail at once for a foreign port, no matter whither. Surely sufficient time had now elapsed for his little affair to be buried under the pressure of other and more immediate interests, and such a step as he contemplated could no longer be attended with much danger. Yes, he would go and look for a ship next morning without fail, and get out of this cursed country as quickly as possible. But when next morning came, bringing with it a nasty headache, and a feeling of languor and utter distaste for exertion of any kind, the soul of his resolution had vanished; and after refreshing himself in some measure with a volley or two of curses, invoked on his own head for his own laziness and lack of purpose, he would make another appointment with himself for the following morning, which would be broken in turn.

"I call him the Bottle Conjuror," said the landlord to his wife one night, in allusion to their lodger. "He has an almighty swallow, and no mistake. And so quiet as he is over it all! No noise, no blither. I like a fellow that can take his tipple without rowing."

Waking up one night from an ugly dream, Brackenridge started up in bed, and gazed fearfully round, as though half expecting to see some of the horrid shapes with which his sleep had been crowded. With a sigh of relief, he recognized where he was; and scrambling out of bed, he lighted another candle in addition to the one that was already burning, and mended his fire, and put on a few articles of dress, and drew his chair up to the blaze, and poured himself out a tumbler of brandy, and sat down to make himself as comfortable as possible till morning. His daylight slumbers were rarely troubled with bad dreams; and after this last experience, he determined within himself that he would turn day into night in future, and go to bed no more during the dark hours. He heard a distant clock strike, and looking at his watch, he found that it was two hours past midnight. How quiet everything was! All the world but himself seemed to be asleep. He would have liked just now to go down and have a peep at the black river; but it would never do to disturb the household at such an untimely hour. Suddenly he started, and gazed over his shoulder with straining eyes. Was there not somebody outside trying the casement? But next moment he laughed aloud to think what a ridiculous fool he was. "I ought to know by this time," he muttered, "that it's only that blustering old Bureau in want of a night's lodging somewhere. I shall be frightened at my own shadow next."

With that he took a long pull of the tumbler of brandy; and then with his slippers feet resting on the fender, and half crouching over the fire, he fell to brooding darkly over his past

life, more especially over that string of strange events which had ended by landing him, a shuffling thief, at the hostelry of the *Three Fishes*. More brandy, or he should go mad! A long pull and a strong pull. Why, he was better already, and could afford to snap his fingers at Black Care, and at the troop of demons that dog his heels and dance with red-hot feet on the brains of poor sinners. Elixir of life truly, to work such a sudden change in the miserable wretch of a few minutes ago! There were cakes and ale in store yet, even for such as he; and the world was a devilish pleasant place to live in.

Another hour striking by the distant clock. "One—two—three. The Miller of Dee so jolly was he, he cared for nobody, no not he."

"Come in." He had heard no noise of footsteps on the stairs, but there was certainly a knock at his room door.

"Jerry Winch!" He almost screamed the words as he started up from his chair, and pressed his fingers to his burning eyeballs for a moment, as if to shut out the dread apparition which his diseased imagination had conjured up. But it was still there when he looked again; so he took the half-emptied bottle in his hand, and drained a draught that would have scorched the vitals of any one less case-hardened than himself. "That's better," he muttered. "I don't care a darn now for all the ghosts in the world." There was a wild glare of defiance in his blood-shot eyes, and his hands shook like those of a man stricken with palsy as he waved his arm for the phantom to enter.

"Curse you, why don't you come in!" he exclaimed. "Don't stand there, staring at me with those dead man's eyes. Shut the door after you, and take that chair. No nearer, if you please, or else I must draw back. Ghosts ain't pleasant companions at close quarters. You look awfully cold.—You always are cold now, and I shall be the same when I'm like you!" By Jove! though, I say, that's serious; especially for a fellow like me, that never could stand cold. And I say, Jerry, my buck, why do you have your jaw tied up with that white cloth? It ain't nice; there's a churchyard flavor about it that I can't stomach.—What do you say? It's the custom of the country where you are now for jaws to be tied up in that fashion. Then it's a custom that ought to be abolished. Light! it makes me feel as if my veins were full of worms, to look at you. With you are here, Jerry, I may as well tell you that what happened to you at my house was quite accidental—it wasn't intended, on my soul; and I hope you bear no malice.—You don't? That's kind—that's good of you. I daresay, now, that unsatisfactory fellows like you have conceited enough to fancy that they know a heap of things; but I'd wager my two ears that you can't tell me where I shall be and what I shall be doing twelve hours from this time.—What do you say? I shall be down by Deptford Creek? That's a lie, anyhow; I shall be nothing of the sort. But never mind, my young romancer; go ahead, and tell me what I shall be doing down by Deptford Creek to-morrow afternoon. You shake your head; you won't answer. I thought that would be a poser for you. Come, now, I'll put my question another way. How shall I go down to Deptford Creek to-morrow afternoon?—By water, do you say? Your ears are lying, Jerry. But never mind; tell me what will happen when I get down to the Creek?—There will be a crowd of people, and two men will hook a body from among the mud and piles, and nobody there will know whose it is—that's what I understand you to say? Very interesting, certainly; only I don't quite see in what way it concerns me. I must have another nip of brandy to take the taste of your last remark out of my mouth. A drowned body! Fought! let's talk of something else.—You must be going, do you say? With all my heart, for it is rather late, you know. Next time you pay me a visit, come at a more reasonable hour—by daylight, if possible. And I say, Jerry, do leave off wearing that white cloth round your face; and there's a cold, fishy look about your eyes that I don't like; and there's a bluish tinge about your complexion that I don't remember to have noticed before. Do, my dear fellow, pay a little more attention to your appearance.—You want me to go with you, do you say? Much obliged, but I'd rather stay where I am.—There's something outside you want to know me? What, in the fiend's name, can there be outside worth my going to look at, at this time of the night? Oh, you won't stir, won't you, unless I'll go a bit of the way with you? You're an infernal old nuisance, Jerry, to say so; and I shan't fret if I don't see your ugly phiz again for a blue moon. I suppose I must do as you want me, or I shall never get rid of you; so start at once!"

Having fortified himself with another pull at his long-necked favorite, Brackenridge was ready, without further preparation, to accompany his ghostly visitor. He rose, pushed back his chair, and with his eyes intently fixed on the figure which his disordered brain had conjured up, he crossed the floor, and opened the door, passed into the corridor outside, which was lighted at its further end by a window that opened direct on to the roof of the next house. Towards this window, through which a white stream of moonlight was now falling, the chemist advanced, still following that something invisible to all eyes but his own.

"Not there, Jerry—not there, man!" he said, in an excited whisper. "That window opens on to the leads, and your way lies down the stair case. What's that you say? You are going to take a walk on the leads, and I must go with you? Well, go ahead, my hearty; G. B. is not the man to shirk anything he has promised. It would have been more manly of you, though, Jerry, to have left the window open behind you, instead of flitting through it in that queer fashion, and leaving me to bungle over it as I best can. Good! though, but it blows cool out here."

By this time Brackenridge was standing on the leads of the house next to the *Three Fishes*, in the little street leading down to the river. The houses in this street were of one uniform height, and were built after an antiquated style, with dormer windows in the roof, in front of which was a flat leaded space, and outside that a broad raised parapet. On to this parapet Brackenridge now stepped without hesitation, following his phantom guide. A single false step would have precipitated him into the street below; but there was this to be remarked, that the state in which Brackenridge then was in so far resembled somnambulism that he was apparently enabled to dispense with the use of his eyes as a safeguard for his feet. He seemed to see nothing save the gliding phantom before him; he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left; he saw nothing of the vast panorama

of house-tops stretching out interminably on three sides of him; he saw nothing of the dark river in front of him, towards which his steps were tending; but with eyes that never winked, or broke away for a single instant from their intense stare at vacancy, and with unflinching feet, he went onward to his doom.

"A regular wild goose chase this, and no mistake," he muttered. "Jerry, Jerry, you imp of Satan, where are you leading me to? Not up there, you nincompoop! Well, if we must, we must; but we can't get much further, at any rate, for the river's just below." While the chemist was speaking, he came to the end of the parapet along which he had been walking, and close before him rose the higher roof of the disused granary, which was built on to the last house of the street, and ran flush up to the river, with a penthouse, and a crane, for convenience in hoisting grain into and out of the barges which occasionally moored alongside. Behind the stack of chimneys belonging to the last house, a small iron ladder gave access to the roof of the granary, which had probably been put there as a means of escape in case of fire, and up this ladder Brackenridge now mounted.

"Not another step will I follow you, Jerry, my buck," said the chemist in a positive tone as he stepped on to the roof; "and it's my belief that I'm a confounded ass for having come so far. Now, show me what you have got to show me, and let me go back to my room, for it's awfully cold here. O no, of course you don't feel it; you've got no— Jerry, Jerry! don't! don't!" screamed the wretched man, starting from the spot on which he had been standing, his white drawn face all distorted with terror, while a light foam began to gather on his lips. With the suddenness of a flash of lightning, the air drawn phantom which he had been following had changed its semblance. It was no longer the likeness of Jerry in the flesh that he saw before him, but the likeness of Jerry out of the flesh. It was neither more nor less than a skeleton clothed in the habiliments Jerry had been wont to wear—the homespun suit, the conical hat, the hob-nailed shoes, were all there; there was even a peculiar little self-conceited pose of the head common to Jerry when the poor simpleton was more than usually well pleased with himself; and more terrible than all else, there, too, were Mogaddo and Pipanta, withering and coiling round the fleshless arms and neck of their master, as Brackenridge had often seen them do when alive.

Almost before Brackenridge had time to note this horrible transformation, the phantom swiftly altered its position, and placed itself between him and the ladder. With another scream, even more shrill than the first one, the haunted wretch fell back. "Oh, Jerry, lad, have mercy, have mercy!" he cried. "What have I done, to be tormented thus? I will confess everything; I will go back, and give myself up; only leave me—leave me, or I shall go mad!" Trembling in every limb, the chemist retreated step by step along the flat roof of the granary, and step by step the phantom followed him up, leering at him horribly from under its conical hat; while the glittering eyes of Mogaddo and Pipanta fixed full on his eyes, seemed to pierce his brain like spikes of flame. He had either forgotten how close he was to the river, or was heedless of his danger in the great dread that lay upon him. Nearer and nearer to the fatal spot, slowly pursued by the remorseless foe which his own fancy had conjured up.

"Have mercy, have mercy!" he wailed with clasped hands, but still retreating. "Let me keep my senses; let me have time to—"

Not another word on earth. A sudden fall backward from the roof of the granary; a wild shriek, borne far through the night-air; a heavy splash in the swift-flowing river; and Gurney Brackenridge was no longer among the living. That wild cry and that heavy splash were heard by the crew of the Thames police-boat on duty no great distance away. They were quickly on the spot, and rowed about it for nearly an hour; but nothing more was seen or heard. On the afternoon of the same day—*for it was early morning when all this took place*—a little crowd was assembled down Deptford way, watching two men drag a drowned body from among the piles and mud, where it had been left by the receding tide.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

127 The oldest woman in America is Mrs. Forster, who lives in the mountains of East Tennessee, and is aged one hundred and twenty years. She is blind, but being quite hearty, walks without assistance. Her memory is unimpaired, and she can recount many of the events of the Revolution with great accuracy.

128 A Scotch earl, Lord Fife, gave Madame Vestris a thousand guineas to allow a cast to be taken of her leg; the earl died, and this cherished leg was sold for half a crown.

129 A clergyman of England was much mortified recently by learning that his daughter had eloped with her groom. The old gentleman's ire was considerably mollified by the further information that the delinquent was nothing worse than a bridegroom.

130 The rats in the sewers of Vienna have been so effectively destroyed by green vitriol, or sulphate of iron, that Professor Hytze, of that city, requiring some of those animals for experiments, was scarcely able to obtain them at any price.

131 Nuremberg exports 20,000 of Fabers lead pencils annually.

132 It is a sad commentary upon the prosperity and "fast" habits of the last few years in America, that since 1856 nearly all our state penitentiaries have doubled the number of their inmates.

133 While the Woman's Rights Convention was in session at Albany a horse car was crowded. There entered a severe looking female. An old gent rose to give her a seat. "Be you one of those women's rights?" he asked. "I be," replied the ancient. "You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man, do you?" he inquired. "Yes I do," was the emphatic answer. "Then," said the man, "stand up, and enjoy them like a man!" and she had to stand up.

134 A line of steam carriages for common roads is to be established from Marseilles to Aubagne, a small town ten miles off. Experiments of the same kind between Nantes and Paris have proved very successful. Perhaps the and the hippopotamus movement foreshadow the ultimate fate of the horse.

135 Deacon Brown lately took occasion to administer a reproof to old Joe for swearing. Joe listened attentively to his words, seemed to appreciate the exhortation, and when he had concluded, replied as follows: "T' fact is, Deacon, that I may swear a good deal, and you may pray a great deal, but neither of us mean anything by it." The Deacon now always alludes to Joe as an instance of total depravity.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I'm This Man."

The Synod of Kentucky was in session. The subject of raising the salaries of certain professors was under discussion. The Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, D. D., was on the floor, making a speech in opposition to the measure. It had been said that ministers of high standing and large means, clothed in fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, did not sympathize with those whose salaries were small. To this Dr. Breckinridge was replying. He scouted the idea that ministers live for money, or desire the luxuries of the world. As for himself, he challenged any man to say that he lived more frugally than himself. Drawing himself up to his full height, and standing six feet high at least, he displayed his proportions, and exclaimed:

"As to fine linen, if there is a man on this floor who dresses more plainly than I do, I offer to exchange clothes with him this moment."

Directly in front of the moderator, and in sight of most of the members, sat the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, one of the planting clergy—a short, thickset, and rotund brother, whose circumference exceeded his altitude, and in this respect no man in the house presented so strong and striking a contrast with the tall and courtly Kentuckian. But the proposition to swap clothes had hardly escaped the lips of the speaker before Hopkins wriggled himself out of his seat, and on his feet, and cried out—

"Mr. Moderator, I'm this man!"

The effect was instantaneous and tremendous. The image of Breckinridge, with his long arms and legs protruding from Hopkins's tummy, was up before the eyes of the synod. They could see nothing else, think of nothing else; and for a while they gave way to uncontrolled laughter, in which no one joined so heartily as the discomfited speaker.

Jezabel's Death.

Mr. Everett, the youngest son of the late Hon. Edward Everett, has published, in England, a series of entertaining lectures on College Life in old Cambridge, bringing in many of the laughable doings of undergraduates. He describes the examination of a student on the death of Jezabel, and says that after prefacing his account of the tragedy with the remark that it was most important to preserve the exact words of the sacred narrative, the examinee proceeded thus—

"And as he passed through the gate of the city, there looked out onto him two persons appointed for that purpose. And he said unto them, 'Throw her down.' So they threw her down. And he said, 'Do it a second time.' And they did it a second time. And he said, 'Do it a third time.' And they did it a third time; and they did it unto seven times; yes, even unto seventy times seven. List of all the woman died also. And they took up the broken fragments that remained seven baskets' full."

Another student describes the ascent of Elijah into Heaven in this wise—

"And then came two she-bears out of the wood, and said unto Elijah, 'Go up, thou bald head, and we went up.'"

The same examinee, after repeating the Samaritan's saying to the innkeeper, "When I come again, I will repay thee," added, "This he said, knowing that he should see his face no more."

What Branch?

A certain Georgia countryman, not having been splendidly educated, and who was very successful as a "goose" maker, determined to send his son off to refinement and culture, to the good "Old North State." When the young man arrived at the destined point, the President of the institution wanted to know what line of studies he would pursue, and failing to elicit the information from the boy, interrogated the old man, by letter as follows—

"My Dear Sir—Your son has arrived, and what branch shall I put him in?"

"Respectfully,"

"This was a power, and heeded the 'old gent' mightily. In his musings he could arrive at nothing satisfactory, but was suddenly reminded of doing something expedient to save him. After 'rummaging' a while for a pen, ink, and paper, he produced the following demoralized effusion—

"Sir—If the boy must go into a branch, select one yourself—but for his mother's sake, don't put him in Tar River."

Field for a Lecturer.

A Paris, Kentucky, correspondent of the Cincinnati Times writes concerning that place—

A humorous lecturer who came here recently, sent his agent on a couple of days ahead, to smooth his way. On his arrival he found Mr. Agent most thoroughly Bourbonized. Whether or not there is "a Bourbon" among us, he had certainly been among a good deal of Bourbon. The following dialogue ensued between lecturer and agent—

Lecturer—"What are the prospects?"

Agent—"Splendid prospects."

Lecturer—"What sort of a house do you reckon we'll have?"

Agent—"The Fall."

Lecturer—"About how full?"

Agent—"The Fall's tick."

Lecturer—"Do you think the people here appreciate humor?"

Agent—"Presumably." Well, if it's a fall to drink every five minutes is 'presumably' humor, they've (hic) got it!"

A Little Round Turn.

"Here, Phil, run out this line and make it fast with a round turn to the post of that ware-house in there abreast of us." That was the order from the commander of one of the transports down there at City Point, to a strapping Emerald-islander, in the blue shirt, broad collar and tarpaulin of the naval persuasion. "Ay, ay, sir, sir!" And away went Phil with the end of the warp, and three minutes later he was blowing away at one of the posts with an old axe he'd found lying round loose. "Halloo, there, man! What in thunder ye doing?" yelled a warehouse clerk. "Going to cut the house down!" "A vast, there, Phil! What the mischief are you up to?" roared the transport captain. "Shure, an' it's only jist hewin' the carners off I am." Phil shouted back, still lathered away at the big post. "How the devil would I be after takin' a round turn on a square stick?"



BETWEEN TWO SHOEBLACKS WE FALL TO THE GROUND.

FIRST SHOEBLACK—"I cotted 'old on 'im fust!"

SECOND SHOEBLACK—"You're a—!"

[Old gentleman is fuming heavily.]

A True Sensation Story.

He had done the deed.

But little did he guess that the eye of an intelligent potato in the next field was upon him. The potato poured the dreadful story into the ear of the corn, which let out the secret in its stalk, and though I am bound to add that the corn was cut, after thus betraying confidence, the story got wind, and the cucumber was in a most distressed frame of mind in consequence.

The culprit was overtaken by justice, and several scurvy runners, and brought before a justice of the peace.

The case was investigated to the very roots, and the potato was, of course, principal witness for the prosecution.

Wouldst know, oh, reader, the wretched man's guilt?

He had shed the blood of a turnip, little expecting it would turn up in evidence against him. He was executed, of course, the mode of execution, decapitation, in order to sever the carrot artery.

He is now a dead beat.

A HYPOCRISY.—An editor says that a mouse, which had several times been caught in the act of nibbling the nice things in his pantry, was the other day traced to its nest, which was found to contain seven or eight cunning little "responsibilities." The parent mouse was arrested and executed for larceny. On one side of the nest a piece of an old Bible was found, on which the following words were distinctly visible: "Thou shalt not steal." What a hypocrite!

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WINTER ORCHARD WORK.

MAJOR H.—Is a veteran orchardist, and withal one of the most successful scientific horticulturists in the country. The major is always recommending, looking out for and into everything that may come up now in his line of practice. Three days since was the major was one of us—were buying across the country in a latitude and longitude not much known to either of us. The major was on the lookout for novelties, and found something that astonished him. And being astonished, he sung out—

"Halloo, neighbor!"

"What for?" he asked, without looking up from his work.

"What are you doing, sir?"

"Don't you see? Setting out there young apple trees I've got here."

"Yes, and pitching into the holes soda and clove from so hard as fire bricks, and then shovelling lime mortar over 'em to set the trees on. I'll eat every tree you get to grow in that way of planting."

"I'd rather you wouldn't, sir. Too many bugs and worms living on fruit trees already, without men taking to eating 'em. You shall be welcome to the first apples they bear—as many as you can carry off. You'll find them better eating than the trees."

"But, my dear sir—this putting out trees in the winter—setting them on frozen clove and lime mortar! Never heard of such a thing. What's your idea?"

"It ain't an idea at all now. It was at first—sixteen years ago. It has been a practical fact more than a dozen of years with me."

"Please explain, will you?"

"Yes, sir. You see the trees are torpid—dead like now—don't feel anything. Well, it's better to put them out now, just as we put a baby to bed while it is asleep. Then they wake up after the winter's nap, find themselves planted all right, and are ready to go on growing. Better, a great deal than to plant them in the fall, before they are quite asleep, or in the spring after they get awake and the buds started. That would put them back some the best we can do, and sometimes it kills."

"Yes, you're right there. That is correct philosophy. But about the frozen clove and lime mortar?"

"Well, you see I put the frozen soda, clove, and surface earth in a heap in the centre of the hole, shovel in all around the pile about a bushel of fine, rich compost, made of almost everything I can scrape up about the place. Then I spread over the top about a bucket full of this lime whitewash thickened with spent tan bark, set the tree on top and fill in carefully with the fine earth, and cover over all with half-rotted barnyard litter. The soda and clove hold the frost in a long while and keep the trees from waking up and trying to bud out too early if there happens to come a premature warm spell in the spring. The lime lays hold of the soda, fixing the grass and fibrous roots for food for the young tree, the frost coming out gradually, leaves the underpinning light and porous, the tan bark helps in that way, and when the baby tree wakes up naturally, all it has to do is to go right on growing. There's that orchard up there—beautiful trees, ain't they?—three hundred of 'em—every tree planted in the winter, just exactly as I am putting in these. Never lost a tree that I remember."

The major looked a little while at the man—scratched his ear as he was of doing when trying to remember something, or somebody, and finally asked—

"Isn't your name Plodder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jacob Plodder?"

"Junior. Yes, Jacob, Jr., the fifth. That is, I am the fifth Jacob Plodder, Jr., that's owned and farmed this place."

"Why, bless me, Mr. Plodder! How are you? Shake hands. Thought I'd seen you—Cosmo—Mr. Jacob Plodder, whose apples—Newtown and fall-apples, red streaks, Jarens, and Ramboes and R. L. Greenings, have been getting first prizes at all the shows and fairs these five years. Thought I knew you, Mr. Plodder."

"And I know I knew you all the time, Major H.—But I guessed you didn't quite understand the best way of putting out apple trees. Was wishing you'd stop and come over and learn something."

"And I am very glad I have done so, Mr. Plodder. And now, as I see you have been pruning and trimming up your orchard lately, I will thank you for your ideas on that point. Pruning in winter is a practice as new to me as planting out trees in winter on lime mortar and frozen clove."

"Yes, I suppose so, major. And to most people besides yourself. But as to the idea—it is no idea at all with me, though it was at first. It's a fixed fact now. You see lapping off a limb from a tree while it is dead asleep, as it is in the winter, is just the same philosophy as lapping off a person's leg or arm, or jerking out a tooth, while the patient is unconscious from ether or chloroform. It don't hurt a mite, and there is no shock to, or prostration of, the system. When they wake up the stump is all bandaged up snug—no pain, and they go right on getting well without any pinning or whining about it. You see wherever I cut off a limb of much size I dress the cut with leaves and almost any sort of soft mulching, bandage with a bit of mott or any old rag, and in the spring, when the trees wake up the cut is cured, they don't miss their lost limbs an atom, and go right on growing."

Major H.—studied over the thing in silence, never once opening his lips till he was more than a mile up the road, when he observed, gravely—

"Cosmo—Plodder's practice is correct. I am going to follow it. When a man has put his theories, ideas, and philosophy into a dozen years of positive facts, as Plodder has, it is always safe to follow his lead. I shall do so."

CLIPPING AND CLEANING UP.

Begin the new year with a better practice than you did the last one. Don't sit by the fire dreaming, in the way of the women folks after breakfast, guessing you won't go out till after dinner. Nothing much to be done outdoors—no hurry—not a mite of use sauntering around out in the cold.

Nonsense. That's an idler's argument. Drop it, and get out. What if it is a little sharp? Jump round sharper and get warmed up with work.

Forty-five odds and ends waiting to be done. Every one of them better done now than put off till spring work hurries—then half of them half done, and the remainder undone. At that rate in ten years or less you will be undone yourself. Look about and hunt up chores. Clip out the briars and bushes from that unsightly corner within thirty yards of your front gate. Clip off and burn all the old canes in black, and raspberry patches. Clear off all dead vines, pea brush and rubbish of all sorts from the garden. Fix up fences; gather up and drag together, heap up and burn all sorts of trash. Pitch in with the ashes whatever holds a cent's worth of inert fertility, and make a big heap of capital compost. Wake up—fly round, and warm up outdoors—keep busy and out of the women's way. Get accustomed to keeping things clipped and cleaned up, and get rich faster.

GATEWAY GRAPE.

—Pork spirals frightening people out west again. One death from pig worms lately. Don't take the scare much—only enough to make you prudent and not eat raw, or half or a quarter raw, pork. Boil it like blazes, fry furiously, or bake thoroughly through, and eat pork with impunity, spirals and all.

—In several western sections where corn has been reported nearly all killed by the frost before ripening, corn is selling this day at from twenty to thirty-five cents per bushel. No sale at any price for pork.

—Good apples to be got up in York county for \$1.00 per barrel. Good sound cider \$3.00. By the time they get down to Philadelphia they somehow run up to \$7 and \$10.

—One New Hampshire grape vine gave the past season twenty-three hundred pounds of grapes, marketed at 12½ cents per pound—\$287.50 earned by one grape vine. Papers say so. Pretty smart vine that.

—There are Louisiana oranges in New York market, cheaper, bigger, sweeter, and better every way than any foreign fruit ever imported.

—Half a dozen enterprising individuals are at tea culture in earnest in North and South Carolina. One of the new things we shall know before long will be Carolina teas equal to the best "Imperial" and Japan.

work. Forty-five odds and ends waiting to be done. Every one of them better done now than put off till spring work hurries—then half of them half done, and the remainder undone. At that rate in ten years or less you will be undone yourself. Look about and hunt up chores. Clip out the briars and bushes from that unsightly corner within thirty yards of your front gate. Clip off and burn all the old canes in black, and raspberry patches. Clear off all dead vines, pea brush and rubbish of all sorts from the garden. Fix up fences; gather up and drag together, heap up and burn all sorts of trash. Pitch in with the ashes whatever holds a cent's worth of inert fertility, and make a big heap of capital compost. Wake up—fly round, and warm up outdoors—keep busy and out of the women's way. Get accustomed to keeping things clipped and cleaned up, and get rich faster.

GATEWAY GRAPE.

—Pork spirals frightening people out west again. One death from pig worms lately. Don't take the scare much—only enough to make you prudent and not eat raw, or half or a quarter raw, pork. Boil it like blazes, fry furiously, or bake thoroughly through, and eat pork with impunity, spirals and all.

—In several western sections where corn has been reported nearly all killed by the frost before ripening, corn is selling this day at from twenty to thirty-five cents per bushel. No sale at any price for pork.

—Good apples to be got up in York county for \$1.00 per barrel. Good sound cider \$3.00. By the time they get down to Philadelphia they somehow run up to \$7 and \$10.

—One New Hampshire grape vine gave the past season twenty-three hundred pounds of grapes, marketed at 12½ cents per pound—\$287.50 earned by one grape vine. Papers say so. Pretty smart vine that.

—There are Louisiana oranges in New York market, cheaper, bigger, sweeter, and better every way than any foreign fruit ever imported.

—Half a dozen enterprising individuals are at tea culture in earnest in North and South Carolina. One of the new things we shall know before long will be Carolina teas equal to the best "Imperial" and Japan.

RECEIPTS.

MINCEMEAT.—Ingredients. Three large lemons, three large apples, one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of suet, two pounds of moist sugar, one ounce of sliced candied orange peel, one ounce of sliced candied citron, and the same quantity of lemon-peel, one teaspoonful of brandy, two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade. Mode. Grate the rinds of the lemons, squeeze out the juice, strain it, and boil the remainder of the lemons until tender enough to pulp or chop very finely. Then add to this pulp the apples, which should be baked, and their skins and cores removed; put in the remaining ingredients one by one, and, as they are added, mix everything very thoroughly together. Put the mincemeat into a stone jar with a closely fitting lid, and in a fortnight it will be ready for use.

PIEM Pudding.—Cut four ounces of beef suet fine, and mix it with four ounces of bread crumbs; four ounces of raisins and seed them, four of currants, one ounce of citron cut small; essence or lemon rind to flavor, a little nutmeg grated, two ounces of sugar (some prefer brown). Beat four eggs with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix the whole ingredients above stated into it, and incorporate everything thoroughly. Put in two tablespoonfuls of rum, a teaspoonful of salt. Dip a clean towel in boiling water, sprinkle flour over it. Put the mixture in. Double up the corners of the towel. Tie as tight as possible. Boil this size three hours. The longer you boil the lighter it is. When you serve it, pour brandy or rum over it, and send it to the table burning. Serve it in slices. A little butter, flour, sugar, and wine, mixed together on the fire, makes a good sauce.

BEF AT GRATING.—Take cold beef, either boiled or roasted, and cut it in thin slices. Grease a tin pan with butter, dust with bread crumbs, put in a little chopped parsley, and lay on the slices of beef. Put salt and pepper and parsley on top, dust with bread crumbs, drop on lemon juice, a little broth just to cover the bottom of the pan, and place it in the oven.

WINE JELLY.—Soak 4 oz. of gelatine in one quart of cold water for half an hour. In the meantime mix with two quarts of cold water six tablespoonfuls of brandy, one pint of white wine, six lemons cut up with the peel on, the whites and shells of six eggs, the whites slightly beaten, the shells crushed; 3 lbs. of white sugar, then mix the gelatine with the other ingredients, and put them over the fire. Let it boil without stirring for twenty minutes, strain it through a dandelion bag without squeezing; wet the mould in cold water, pour the jelly in, and leave it in a cool place for three hours.

FAVORITE Pudding.—Break six fresh eggs, separate the yolks from the whites, which put in two different basins; add to the yolks two tablespoonfuls of white powdered sugar, half an ounce of flour, half the rind of either an orange or lemon, chopped very fine, or a drop of any good essence; beat the whole together, and then with a whisk whip the whites of the eggs as you would for a sponge cake. This requires some practice. When hard and white as snow, mix lightly with the yolks, then have ready a very clean frying-pan, which put on a slow fire, add an ounce of butter, when melted put in two tablespoonfuls of the batter, let it fry a minute, then toss it up on the other side, as a pancake, turn it on a dish, use all the batter thus, and, when done, put them one on the other. Sugar over, bake ten minutes, and serve.

TO STRENGTHEN VINEYARD.—Freeze it and remove the ice which forms on the surface. The water of the vinegar alone freezes, leaving the acetic acid in solution in the remaining water.

CEMENT FOR ROCK WORK AND RESERVINGS.—Where a great quantity of cement is wanted for coarser uses, the coal-ash mortar (or Welsh tarra) is the cheapest and best, and will hold extremely well, not only where it is constantly kept wet or dry, but even where it is sometimes dry and at others wet; but where it is liable to be exposed to wet and frost, this cement should, at its being laid on, be suffered to dry thoroughly before any moisture has access to it; and, in that case, it will likewise be a great improvement to temper it with the blood of any beast. The mortar must be formed of one part lime and two parts of well-sifted coal-ashes, and they must be thoroughly mixed by being beaten together, for on the perfect commixture of the ingredients the goodness of the composition depends.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 2, 4, 5, is a boy's nickname.

My 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, is where Adam had his 1, 2, 3, 4, 8.

My 4, 1, 5, is a species of my 4, 6, 7.

My 4, 1, 4, is about the first word uttered by my 2, 1, 2, 6.

My 4, 3, 6, 8, is where wild beasts have their 2, 3, 4.

My 4, 6, 1, 4, is what we will be in the 3, 5, 4.

My 2, 3, 4, is the retreat of those who begin to 5, 8, 4.

My 4, 8, 7, dearly loves to find my 2, 8, 5, 8.

My whole was a captive Hebrew.

WM. H. MORROW

Irwin Station, Pa.

Charade.

In countries where the snow drifts deep
My first will often lie asleep;
While feathery flakes around it arise
A shelter from the hunter's gaze.

In the hazy forest, wild and drear,
My second soundeth silvery clear,
Many a horned band adorning,
That the traveller may have warning.

My whole, though fragile, may be found
On precipice or rocky ground;
Be careful, therefore, lest thou fall
In seeking one who charmeth all.

H. D. W.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in crying, but never in weep,
My 2nd is in doing, but never in sleep,
My 3rd is in convulsion, but never in fit,
My 4th is in wisdom, but never in wit,
My 5th is in goblin, and also in ghost,
My whole is a writer for "The Saturday Post."

WM. H. MORROW

Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddle.

Take thou the noblest of all noble things,
From which alone true freedom ever springs,
Behold, a name you'll have, in Scripture found,
For strongest friendship justly much renowned.
If from this name the final you should take,
Along your path I difficulties make.
But had you taken my head, and re-arranged,
Into a cosy shelter I had changed.

A. S.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A owed B \$500, for which B was willing to wait a year longer; provided A would pay a part, and the interest at 6 per cent. in advance on the remainder. A paid \$200. Required—what part is to be credited on the principal.

WM. H. MORROW

Irwin Station, Pa.

An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two perpendicular towers, standing with their bases on level ground 64 feet apart from each other; the higher tower with its top overlooking the top of the lower tower by an excess of 12 feet in height. Now by this required length of a ladder that will reach from a certain point between the two towers to within 4 feet of the top of the perpendicular height of the higher tower, and without moving the ladder at its foot-hold being leaned over against the lower tower will just reach to the top of this one. And as we are now at requiring heights and distances, we may just as well also find the height of each tower, and the distance from the base of each tower where the foot of said ladder will rest on the ground to balance in plain mathematical science the various conditions of the above problem.

DANIEL DIFENBAUGH

Kroftville, Snyder Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a lever of the 1st order a weight of 84 pounds acting at the distance of 16.16 inches from the centre of motion just balances 7 pounds. At what distance from the centre of motion does the power act every inch of the lever weighing 1 pound.

MORGAN STEVENS.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Why is the stem of a ship leaving port like an undivil gentleman? Ans.—Because it never returns a bow.

What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill and yet never moves? Ans.—The road.

When's a dead body not a dead body? Ans.—When it's a gal-on-a-bier.

Why is a dull book like eternity? Ans.—You read it to no end.

Why is a neat housekeeper like the sea? Ans.—Because she is tide-y.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post or Lady's Friend, and you will receive a beautiful engraving called "One of Life's Happy Hours."

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of Sept. 1st—467048881904 and 32404899734659. J. N. Siders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 2nd—2½ acres. W. H. Morrow; P. J. Smith. The field contains 125 square rods. A. Martin.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of same date—The fly's trace is the "Logarithmic spiral," and he must walk 40 inches to get to the centre of the window. Artemas Martin.